

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW

FOR JUNE, 1846.

Art I.—*Memoirs and Correspondence of the Marquess Wellesley.* By Robert Rouiere Pearce, Esq., in 3 vols. Bentley, 1846.

THE able author of these volumes could scarcely have selected a more important period, than the present, for favouring the public with his labours. The victories recently gained, at such tremendous cost, on the banks of the Sutlej, have at least aroused public attention; and the eyes of the world are turning towards Hindostan, to watch the successive developments of British power. In previous articles, we have laid before our readers sketches bearing more or less upon the subject. Our vast oriental empire seems to grow as we gaze! Lord Clive and Warren Hastings were succeeded, in the lapse of years, by a genius greater than themselves. The Marquess Wellesley, with all *their* talents for acquisition or administration, possessed in addition what they had not—an imperial mind. He was the Julius Cæsar of our Prætorian Prefects, yet an admirer of constitutional freedom. His intellect abode in strength, and at the same time was adorned with the charms of eloquence, and the plumage of poetry. With an eye of fire he penetrated and baffled all the intrigues of opponents; he foresaw the day, when England would reign from the Indus to the Irrawaddy, and from the snows of the Himmelaya to Cape Comorin and Ceylon; and his aspirations were, that her sceptre might prove a wand of mercy—not the rod of an oppressor. History will tell his posterity whether these wishes are to be realized.

He was born on the 20th of June 1760, at Dengan Castle in the county of Meath, or according to some, at the residence of the Wellesley family in Grafton Street Dublin. As eldest son of the musical earl of Mornington, his early boyhood found a congenial atmosphere at Eton. Its classical associations never forsook him through life. There he swam and rowed in the waters of the Thames, or pursued 'the flying ball' at cricket along its green margin, and composed Latin and Greek verses, under an intellectual inspiration, which might vie with the sweetest efforts of Gray and Addison. Oxford fanned his love for fame; until the death of his father, on the 22d May 1781, called him from Christchurch to Ireland, rather less than a month before he had attained his majority. Succeeding, like many of our Irish magnates, to ancient honours and embarrassed estates, he voluntarily placed his ancestral property under the management of his mother, to support herself in comfort, and pay off an immense amount of pecuniary obligations contracted by his father. He then directed his care to the education of his brothers and sisters,—William Wellesley Pole, at that time eighteen years old, afterwards Lord Maryborough,—Anne, then aged thirteen, afterwards married to Henry, son of Lord Southampton,—Arthur Wellesley then twelve, the present Duke of Wellington,—Gerald Valerian then ten, now a doctor in divinity, and incumbent of the rich living of Bishops-Wearmouth,—Mary Elizabeth then nine, now Lady Culling Smith,—and Henry, then eight, the present Lord Cowley. Had the only divine of the family been made a bishop, the old Countess of Mornington would have seen all her five sons in the House of Lords at the same time, from the lowest to the highest grade of the peerage; an instance of rare occurrence we believe amongst the annals of our haughty aristocracy. But to return to the hero of these volumes, we cannot forbear noticing, that to him every member of the group was greatly indebted for subsequent advancement in the world.

He entered upon public life, amidst the subsidence of the American war, and the agitations preliminary to the French revolution. It was an age of political giants—of Washington, and Jefferson, and Mirabeau abroad; and at home, of Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Grey, Sheridan, Erskine, Flood, Grattan, Burke, Curran, and Plunket. Great Britain and France were cradling two of the greatest warriors that ever appeared on the battle-fields of ancient or modern times. Lord Mornington took his seat in the Irish House of Lords, just after the repeal of Poyning's Law, and just before the patriotic ebullitions attendant upon the Irish volunteers. Always in favour of Catholic emancipation, he nevertheless, as it appears to us, would have disap-

pointed the anticipations of our author, in being prepared to insist, had he been at home on the Union, 'either that Ireland should be completely identified with Great Britain; admitted into the great imperial co-partnership on terms of perfect equality; permitted to participate in all the advantages of our laws, institutions, and customs; or else, that she should be rendered competent to legislate for herself, freely and independently.' Our own ideas are, that he deemed the sister island as a kind of consort to England; claiming a right indeed to great conjugal respect 'as the weaker vessel;' yet still bound to put up with that state of things implied in the proverb—'Where two persons sit upon a horse, one must ride behind!' He strongly advocated economy, and various popular measures, such as the liberty of the press; although this last, as we shall soon perceive, was to be under startling limitations, at least in India and the colonies. He spoke frequently and readily, with some theatrical gesture it was then thought; yet to those who heard him, as we had the pleasure of hearing him, in his maturer years, on the repeal of the Habeas Corpus Act, his animation rarely erred against the rules of good taste. Dublin, in 1785, had been too obscure a theatre for his reputation, so that he procured his return to the English house of commons, first for the borough of Beeralston, then for Saltash, and afterwards for Windsor. William Pitt made him one of his junior lords of the treasury in 1786; after which he spoke on the Rohilla war—on the treaty of commerce with France; besides attacking Lord North, just as the representative for Shrewsbury now does Sir Robert Peel. On the regency question he opposed the pretensions of the Prince of Wales in Ireland, and defended the lord lieutenant. We find him in 1793 a British privy-councillor; in 1796, the *custos rotulorum* of the county of Meath, and one of the chief remembrancers of the Irish exchequer: whilst, on the 29th of November in 1794, he had married Mademoiselle Roland. As to the iniquitous slave trade, his voice and vote were invariably ranged with those of Wilberforce. He resisted Mr. Dundas's motion for gradual abolition. He moved two amendments successively for its immediate suppression: and denounced the entire traffic as infamous, sanguinary and disgraceful to human nature. His eloquence was ripening into manliness and vigour, with considerable felicity in reply, and much of that classical ornament, which illuminates, even where it fails to astonish or overwhelm. The premier had become rather proud of him. He honoured him with confidence, both public and private. His name was inserted in the grand commission for the affairs of India: and whilst in opposing Mr. Grey's proposition for parliamentary reform, he conciliated his Majesty no less than his

minister, his acute intellect struck into the right path for power and human glory. In one word, he was directing his attention to the history and affairs of Hindostan.

In the interim, however, Lord Mornington never failed to watch with deepest interest the development of the tragedies at Paris. His mind had grown nobly capacious, although aristocratic predilections grew with his ambition, and therefore narrowed its range. He might have soared higher than he did, could he but fully have mastered the idea, that crowns and coronets are only motes in the sunbeam, when compared with the emancipation and happiness of millions. On the commencement of the war he threw his influence into the scale of despotism as against liberty. The illusions of an age of chivalry carried captive his excited imagination. Few speeches have produced greater results than that which he delivered in supporting the address to the Crown in January 1794. He reviewed in it the whole French revolution, step by step, holding up sometimes most unfairly, its atrocities, blasphemies, perfidy, violence and cruelty, so as to conceal the genuine sources whence all those originated. The strength of his argument lay in pointing out the spirit of aggression, proselytism, and wanton violation of the rights of other nations on the part of France, although this also had been provoked by the confederacy at Pilnitz, and the proclamations of the Duke of Brunswick. Sheridan replied in one of his most brilliant effusions; as he also did on a subsequent occasion, when Lord Mornington spoke on the Seditious Meetings Bill in 1795. The noble Anti-jacobin was in the mouths of all men. He wrote a copy of Latin verses for the prime minister at Walmer, replete with the most acrimonious denunciations of Gallican politics: but better things were in store for him. Sir John Shore returned home from Calcutta to be created Lord Teignmouth. Mysterious intrigues ensued, which to this hour have never been satisfactorily explained or accounted for. Lord Macartney was passed over, instead of being appointed his successor. The pretensions of Lord Hobart were also happily set aside, although nobody knew how. Lord Cornwallis was at length announced; but as it fell out, quite prematurely: and on the 4th of October 1797, the Earl of Mornington received his nomination to the governor-generalship of India, having been raised also to the rank of a peer of Great Britain, by the title of Baron Wellesley. He sailed from England on the 7th of November following, arriving at the Cape of Good Hope in February 1798; at Madras, on the 26th of April; and on the 17th of May at Fort-William, on the banks of the Hoogley.

India was at that period labouring under a crisis of affairs. The new representative of the sovereign of England approached his

capital with pride and admiration. Calcutta, as our author well says, may be described as 'the city of the sun, glittering with palaces, gardens and groves, with branching banian-trees, noble palms of every variety, bright green peepuls, and tall bamboos and flowers of every hue.' But Lord Mornington was not so dazzled by the beautiful, as to overlook the danger. The career of Hyder Ali, and his son Tippoo Saib, had placed British power more than once in eminent jeopardy. France was still gloating over a hope of recovering her lost ground in Hindoostan through her alliance with Tippoo. The sultan of Mysore, at the close of the war in 1784, possessed treasure to the extent of £80,000,000 sterling, besides eight hundred thousand stand of arms, and two thousand pieces of artillery, with military stores in proportion. His regular army of infantry and cavalry mustered upwards of a hundred thousand men; whilst his dominions lay almost in the centre of the peninsula, like the lair of a beast of prey inaccessible to the hunters. In 1791, when hostilities had broken out afresh, the Mysorean forces were menacing the very gates of Madras: nor was it, until Lord Cornwallis was storming Seringapatam in the following year, that the son of Hyder consented to accept moderate conditions. 'By the treaty of peace, he was compelled to cede half his territories to the British, the Nizam, and the Mahrattas,—to pay £3,500,000 sterling as the expenses of the war; to deliver up all the prisoners whom he held in captivity, and to surrender his two sons as hostages.' The object of his conqueror was to establish a balance of power, such as might guarantee a continuance of tranquillity. Before long, however, it had become sufficiently apparent, that all this idea was 'as a dream when one awaketh.' During the administration of Sir John Shore, the Soubahdar of the Deccan had been attacked, and his efficiency nearly annihilated by the Mahrattas. Tippoo merely waited his time for revenging himself upon the British, allying himself with the French, and realizing his ambitious schemes with greater certainty than ever. His capabilities for doing mischief had been augmenting for five years, when the new Governor-General rightly judged that he was a tiger in the jungles of oriental politics, not to be trifled or tampered with, but to be either caged or destroyed! The majority of our civil servants at the presidencies, if not quite intellectual pigmies and caitiffs, were, at all events, made of such wretched materials, that no sooner had his lordship announced intentions of attacking Mysore, than they turned pale as ashes, remonstrated on his rashness, and even gently hinted at impeachment on his return home. Instead of quailing at their predictions and pusillanimity, he demonstrated, with unanswerable arguments, the treachery to which they were trusting; that the enemy had

already violated in spirit every article of a pacification of which he was about to denounce even the letter; and that, unless they were prepared to crush Tippoo, the latter within less than a few months would be quite ready to crush them. The sorcery of a strong mind over weak ones immediately appeared. Lord Mornington infused his own energies into the various officials around and below him, from the highest commander on his staff to the humblest writer and subaltern on the coast of Coromandel. He left the court of Mysore under the hallucination that he was blind to the approaching conflict. He laid quietly a thousand trains of policy, each perfectly adapted to its purpose, so as to be ready when requisite for the grand occasion. He baffled native intrigue, and the most secret designs of foreign statesmanship. The Nizam, for instance, had been suffered to take into his pay an enormous French corps, which his Excellency contrived to disband without bloodshed, and substitute British troops in its stead. Napoleon was then meditating his Indian invasion, by way of the Euphrates, as Alexander, Tamerlane, and Nadir Shah had done before him. Persia and Afghanistan were co-operating with him on the one hand, and at the same moment with Tippoo Saib on the other. The last had expressly invited Zemaun Shah, the chieftain of Cabul and Candahar, to fall upon Scinde, and join with the entire anti-British confederacy, from Paris to Seringapatam, in the re-establishment of Islamism. It really does strike us, on a calm review of the past, that under Divine Providence, the existence, not to say the expansion of our oriental sway, turned upon the accession of such a man as Lord Mornington to the helm of Indian government.

As the struggle visibly approached, he removed from Fort William to Madras, that he might be nearer the scene of operations. Here it was his habit to prepare his papers, and dictate his orders, in an avenue of magnificent trees attached to his residence. Whilst thus employed, surrounded with secretaries in the open air, pacing up and down, before the power of the sun had got too intense, it failed not to attract the superstitious notice of the natives, that the Uma, or small Indian eagle, came and built her nest in the branches over his head. This was considered a presage of success, no less by the Hindoo, than the Parsee. Events rapidly justified and illustrated the policy which his Excellency had adopted. Before any open attack commenced, he expostulated with the Sultan by letter; unveiling to him, now that the British were ready, a perfect acquaintance on their part, with his recent conduct, and manifest designs. Tippoo, after various evasions, at length replied, with every conceivable expression of friendship, that he was going on a hunting expe-

dition; which really meant that he was just about to assault the lines of General Stuart at Seedapore. This was five days before General Harris entered the Mysore, so that he was an aggressor from the commencement. The Governor-General now issued his declaration in the name of the British government and their allies. Defeat awaited Tippoo at every turn; and on his final retreat to his fortified capital, the tremendous toils of warfare closed around him. Once and again he hinted at an arrangement of terms, but it was too late. On the 30th of April, 1799, breaching batteries opened a heavy fire against the walls of Seringapatam. Two days afterwards an enormous magazine of rockets blew up in the town with a most fearful explosion, 'spreading death and consternation amongst the inhabitants.' The fiery tempest of shot and shell then raged incessantly around the devoted battlements, within which the cruel, yet gallant despot, conducted himself with unmoved resolution. His veteran garrison consisted of twenty thousand troops, with plenty of provisions, and ample means for defence: so that when the British advanced across the river, he addressed his officers with these words,—'we have arrived at the last stage; what is your determination?' They all replied,—'*To die with you!*' He trusted in the strength of his fortress, which had twice repulsed the English, and in the near approach of the rainy season. On the 4th of May, General Baird, at the head of a storming party of 2500 Europeans and 1800 Sepoys, lay ready in the trenches. At one o'clock the signal was given. Baird, drawing his sword, exclaimed, 'Now, my brave fellows, follow me, and prove yourselves British soldiers!' In ten minutes our colours were waving on the walls!

'The attack was made during the heat of the day, when Asiatics usually take their meridian repast, and resign themselves to a season of repose. When the alarm of the assault reached Tippoo he was sitting at dinner under a covered shed. He instantly washed his hands, seized his arms, and mounted his horse. On his way to the ramparts he was told that his general, Seyd Goffar, was killed. 'Seyd Goffar,' he said, 'never feared death; let Mohammed Cassim take charge of his division.' Tippoo opposed himself in person to the left column of the British, and for a time checked their advance; he then dismounted, and on foot animated his soldiers, by firing with his own hands against his adversaries. He was the last man to quit the traverses, and did not leave his post till the impetuosity of the British soldiers drove every thing before them. Two columns of the 12th regiment, one within, the other outside the gate, now poured in a destructive cross fire. The sultan, who had before received a musket ball in the right side, now received another wound. His horse, which he had remounted, was shot under him, and his turban

fell to the ground. Some faithful servants then placed him in his palanquin, but being unable to proceed over the heaps of slain, he again sprang upon his feet, and endeavoured to escape. Several British soldiers, just entering the gate, encountered him. One of them, ignorant of his person, but attracted by his jewels, attempted to pull off his sword-belt; but Tippoo, disdaining to surrender himself a prisoner, or announce his rank, wounded the soldier, in the knee with his sabre. The enraged Englishman pointed his musket at the sultan's head, and Tippoo fell a corpse. The moment that possession was obtained of Seringapatam, a strict search was instituted for him: his body was found under a heap of slain: his eyes were open: and stripped of every ornament but his cherished amulet, he was still warm when Colonel Wellesley, who commanded the reserve, which was not employed in the assault, came up. Thus perished this formidable enemy of the British power in India; and thus perished likewise the hopes of those who aimed at the re-establishment of French influence in Hindostan!—Vol. i. pp. 299-300.

A secret messenger was forthwith dispatched by General Harris to the Governor-General with the glad tidings enclosed in a sealed quill, on account of the disturbed state of the country. The spoils of the Mysore were immense; and the captors proposed setting apart £100,000 of the prize-money for Lord Mornington, who generously declined the gift. His political arrangements, consequent upon the fall of Tippoo Saib, are universally admitted to have been most masterly. He secured the permanent dominion of the British sceptre. He added twelve lacs of pagodas to the annual revenues of the Company, besides strengthening their frontier by establishing a continuity of territory from sea to sea,—from the coast of Coromandel to that of Malabar. None, however, imitated his disinterestedness with regard to the booty. Grievous stains will ever remain upon the escutcheons of various high parties concerned in these memorable transactions. Meanwhile, his Excellency, having received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament at home, with an advance to an Irish marquise in the peerage, now turned his attention to other public matters. He had dealt very summarily with the press at Calcutta,* when he deemed its freedom

* This refers to what we have already alluded to. His lordship had ordered in April, 1799, that no paper should be published until it had been submitted to government inspection! One editor was sent back to Europe for an infringement of the censorship. All these, and similar proceedings, were certainly 'more in consonance with Asiatic despotism than the enlightened views formerly advocated by the noble lord in College-green!' Calcutta, however, at that period, was very much in the state of a citadel during siege; and whilst in such circumstances, who was to define the precise limits of the maxim *Necessitas non habet legem*!

likely to become prejudicial to the general welfare; and he now suppressed Sunday newspapers. His augmented influence was also thrown generally into the scale of Christianity. He looked favourably upon missions amongst the heathen; endeavoured to set an example in attending public worship; ordained a day of thanksgiving for the recent successes in the Mysore; and sanctioned with all cordiality the well-known sermon preached by Doctor Claudius Buchanan on that occasion. His conduct on these points must not be explored or estimated by the *present* state of public opinion upon such subjects; but rather, we should call to mind the practical atheism which then widely prevailed at the Presidencies. He was the first eminent Governor-General who dared openly to acknowledge the true God in the face and amidst the murmurs of a hundred millions of pagans. Nor was his interest in the welfare of the Peninsula a mere speculative one, when he had sheathed the sword. Its secular, as well as spiritual and intellectual improvement, lay deeply in his thoughts. He aimed at collecting information as to the character and capabilities of every section of its vast territories; as to the vegetables and mode of cultivation suited to the various soils,—as to machinery for irrigation,—as to the different breeds of cattle, the extent and tenures of farms, the price and nature of labour,—the growth of corn, cotton, pepper, cardamums, and sandal-wood. The whole history of caste occupied him in all its bearings. Commerce and manufactures came in for their full share of his observation. His lordship had become imbued with the liberal notions of Adam Smith to an extent surprising in any member of our aristocracy; and were he now alive, his fine intellect would no doubt shed sunbeams of light in a certain very dark house of incurable monopolists. Even forty years ago he could discern that freedom is the life of trade; and nine-tenths of the acrimonious opposition, afterwards destined to await him, sprung from the soundness of his views, on topics which interfered with official extortion and private rapacity. Hence arose, too, his unmeasured abhorrence of what he describes as ‘the ignominious tyranny of Leadenhall-street.’ He loved India and detested the India House: although, as he told Lord Castlereagh, ‘no outrage, injury, or insult which could issue from its most loathsome den,’ should ever be suffered to interfere with his devotedness to the national service.

The Marquess Wellesley always carefully calculated the use that might be made of those tributary sovereigns and chieftains, whose successors have dwindled into political phantoms. He negotiated with the Nizam and the Mahrattas, with the Nabobs of Surat and Nepaul; or rather with the rajah of the last, who had taken refuge at Benares. Even Burmah was not overlooked:

whilst, in a different direction, an embassy was sent into Persia, as well as another to the Imaum of Muscat. His lordship well knew that every spell of orientalism must be watched. With the tyrants of the Carnatic, the governors of Madras had always been in relations of a most delicate, and sometimes dangerous kind, until the fall of Seringapatam unveiled the criminality of their intrigues, and subjugated them under the British sway. At the peace of Amiens there occurred several felicitous delays, which enabled Lord Wellesley to pause before giving back to the French their fortresses and settlements in Hindostan. In fact, this was never done at all, so that Gallican influence gained no opportunity for reinstatement: and when the horrors of war recommenced, the foresight of his Excellency had prepared the means for both defence and assault at every point. Those were not the days for rapid intercommunication: and on one occasion, seven clear months elapsed without a single gleam of intelligence from England. Nevertheless, an expedition set sail from India for the Red Sea, and rendered most important services in that quarter. It was about the same period, also, that the kingdom of Oude had to cede some of its richest territories to the Company, through the admirable management of their representative, but for which he was afterwards more violently condemned than for any other portion of his policy. The following are the remarks of our biographer:—

‘ In the discussion of this and kindred topics, Mr. Mill has chosen to assume as a fundamental principle, that the British government in India had no right to assert in its negotiations *a superiority over the native powers*; but that we were bound to deal with the sovereigns of India on the same terms of equality as we should be with any of the established monarchs of Europe. It would be the greatest hypocrisy, if we were to affect a concession of any such doctrine. Our whole course in India is directly opposed to it. No British statesman, it may be safely affirmed, would venture to act upon such a figment. *England stands confessedly in India as an ascendant power, invested with supremacy, in virtue of European civilization and Anglo-Saxon energy*; which have committed to England a mission to put an end to the frightful disorders and manifold evils which have afflicted the unhappy natives, under the sway of sanguinary and despotic monarchs, whose right to their thrones has usually been based upon violence, deceit, and blood; and who have existed to scourge and afflict, and not to afford the protection of just government to their subjects. To deal with Asiatic kings, who lived by oppression and every species of misrule, and whose absolute authority was exercised without any reference to the inclinations of the people, on whom they trampled, and the *rights of whose ancestors* were not unfrequently based upon the poinard and poisoned chalice, as if they were constitutional sovereigns, supported by the patriotic sentiments of grate-

ful subjects, would appear to be in the highest degree preposterous. The British government in India had clearly a right to interpose in the affairs of any of the native states, the disorders and misgovernment of which disturbed their own dominions; first, on the natural principle of self-preservation, which justifies every legitimate power in taking security for its safety: secondly, because, wherever the British standard is raised in India, the reign of the assassin and plunderer is suspended, and the protection of British justice is afforded to the native population. To place the personal rights of the native sovereigns of Asia, reigning by brute force, without the assent of their subjects, in opposition to the comprehensive plans of a great statesman for the consolidation of British power in India, and for the amelioration of the condition of the people, (assuming that these plans are calculated to secure such ends), is surely little better than trifling with a serious subject.'—Vol. ii., pp. 132, 3.

That there is fundamental soundness in these observations, perhaps few will dispute; and for that reason we have transcribed them; as also because we fully believe that utility (using that term in its most comprehensive sense) furnishes the only rational plea for our entire policy towards Hindostan. In one word, we maintain that in the counsels of Divine providence, European civilization is destined, for the advantage of all, to supersede and supplant oriental systems: whilst at the same time, the honest view of the Roman must be carried out and realized—*Unum debet esse omnibus propositum, ut eadem sit Utilitas uniuscujusque et universorum, quam si ad se quisque rapiat, dissolvetur omnis humana consortio*. That Lord Wellesley entered into the spirit of Cicero, on such points, can scarcely be doubted; and that he was fretted almost to death, by the narrowness and selfishness of many persons officially connected with him, both at home and abroad, is plain enough. He had formed the magnificent design of founding a college for India, which should disseminate the light of knowledge throughout a benighted land; respecting which, nothing could exceed the consternation occasioned amongst the owls and bats of Leadenhall-street. He demonstrated in vain, that their civil and military servants possessed no other regular course of training or study, to fit them for their arduous and important duties. He appealed in vain to the claims of native millions yet unborn, whom the Company had undertaken to provide for, by the very fact of having resolved to govern them. With sundry exceptions, for which we think liberal allowance may be made, looking at the time and circumstances, the regulations were admirably drawn up. The institution was even permitted to commence its career, and bring forth such first-fruits as none but an East Indian director could doubt or condemn. It was the darling

object which lay close to the heart of Lord Wellesley; nor could he ever forgive its extinction, nor disguise his contempt and abhorrence for those who contributed to bring about so calamitous a measure. The venerable names of Buchanan and Carey will for ever be connected with his own; and as the Professor of Sanscrit once told him, on a memorable public occasion, 'No revolution of opinion, nor change of circumstances, could rob him of the solid glory derived from the humane, just, liberal, and magnanimous principles, which were happily embodied in his administration.' The present Haileybury College, near Hertford, formed a tardy tribute to the truthfulness and spirit of the Governor-general; and the time, we trust, will yet arrive, when a real 'University of Calcutta will illustrate the renown, and accomplish the mighty ends, which the founder of Fort William College hoped to have seen achieved in his own day.' His lordship had not merely wished to raise the tone of intellect and ability amongst the Company's servants; but he acted upon a plan of conscientious distribution, with regard to his patronage, which it would have been well if his successors had imitated. In appointing to offices, he was solely guided by the personal respectability and capacity of the candidates for them. No letters of recommendation, no family connexion, no aristocratic influence, had the smallest weight with him. Talent and integrity were the only roads to lucrative employment or professional distinction. Hence it came to pass that he was surrounded by able and sedulous adherents, who conducted every department of the public service, under the fullest impression of a direct and immediate responsibility to an executive always ready to appreciate and reward their honest efforts. Even the natives looked up and admired. They heard, perhaps with some natural mistrust, that eight versions of the sacred scriptures were translated under his auspices, in the new seminary he was attempting to create and support: they were probably somewhat startled at the fact, that to its walls more than one hundred of their learned countrymen had resorted for studying European literature and philosophy: they were positively amazed at his success in suppressing the sacrifice of children and other human victims at Saugor, as also that he contemplated the utter abolition of suttees: but at the same moment, they felt that he desired to be their friend, father, patron, and benefactor; and they gazed upon his new palace at Calcutta as the pledge of his taste and munificence, as well as the emblem of a better era.

He remained in India, after the renewal of hostilities between this kingdom and France, to superintend the settlement of the Mahratta war. The military triumphs at Delhi, Laswaree,

Assaye, and Arghaum, are matters of general history. Suffice it to say, that Lord Wellesley effectually broke the power of Holkar, and secured fresh acquisitions of territory and revenue for those whom he served. His return to England, in January, 1806, occurred during the last days of his old friend the premier. On the death of Mr. Pitt, and after the joint administration of the Fox and Grenville party, the Duke of Portland, as is well known, became the nominal head of a feeble and disreputable ministry, whom Lord Wellesley was requested by his Majesty to join, but which he declined doing. One of his most successful efforts, as an orator, was made in defence of the expedition to Copenhagen; and whatever may be the views of ourselves or readers as to that transaction, there can be but one opinion as to the transcendant ability and elaborate eloquence displayed by him on the painful occasion. Mr. Paull now brought forward his charges against the marquess, in the House of Commons, grounded upon his Indian measures, with regard to Oude,—a course followed up subsequently by Lord Folkestone. Parliament, however, not merely rejected the imputations, but sanctioned Lord Wellesley throughout: nor did Sir Thomas Turton succeed better, when he brought forward the Carnatic question. During the Spanish struggle, which commenced in 1808, Lord Wellesley went out to Seville as our ambassador extraordinary. Here his utmost endeavours in supporting his gallant brother, the present Duke of Wellington, were frustrated. Nothing could exceed the neglect and apathy of the Spanish government, except, indeed, its intolerable arrogance, which would seem not to have abated an iota since the days of Charles v. and Philip II.! The battle of Talavera had been fought in vain, and the British general had declared his resolution to retire into Portugal. Meanwhile, all was in confusion at home and abroad. Supplies were wasted, Wellington was retreating, the people were murmuring, our brave and meritorious soldiers were starving, the French were triumphing, Napoleon had married, two British ministers indulged themselves in a duel, and Lord Wellesley could only solicit his recall to London. Happily, on the death of the Duke of Portland, towards the close of 1809, the marquess entered upon the office of Foreign Secretary. But one opinion prevailed as to the desirableness of this appointment, which enabled him effectually to cooperate in advancing the peninsular war. For two years his whole mind was drawn out in resisting popular clamour, persuaded, as he was, that the victory over Buonaparte was only to be won by defeating his projects upon Madrid and Lisbon. Results certainly demonstrated the depth of his foresight. Nor was the Foreign Office, at that particular juncture, a bed of roses. The Berlin and

Milan decrees had embroiled us with America, and almost exorcised from the shadows of the past that formidable spectre, which had haunted our forefathers, under the banners of an armed neutrality. It required more than an ordinary acquaintance with Vattel and Grotius to combat Messieurs Pinkney and Monroe, as well as the whole force of continental opinion. Never was the web of European policy in a greater tangle. Then ensued the permanent insanity of George III. Both houses recognized the constitutional and democratic doctrines respecting a regency. Lord Wellesley continued in office, despising Mr. Percival, loathing the Prince of Wales, appealing energetically to parliament on behalf of the worthless Ferdinand, and declaring that he would watch the last expiring breath of Spanish patriotism, rather than flinch from its side for a moment. We may, and do regret, that *such* energies should have been expended upon *such* subjects; and yet it must not be forgotten, that when Lord Liverpool put the question to Lord Wellington, 'Would it be desirable to withdraw from the contest?'—his answer was, that '*the war would be then transferred to our own shores!*' The heroic brother of Lord Wellesley returned this response from behind his impregnable lines of Torres Vedras, at the foot of which, Massena's army of eighty thousand soldiers was wasting away like a snow-wreath. The expulsion of the enemy from Portugal at length turned the tide of mob-enthusiasm. To maintain the contest in the Peninsula grew to be just as popular, as some months before it had been the reverse. These realms groaned, in fact, under the tyranny of some of the ignoblest mediocrities of mankind, with the exception of here and there such a mind as that of Lord Wellesley. But he had now resolved to withdraw from the cabinet. How, indeed, could he continue to bend his neck under the yoke of his colleagues. Assassination alone, lamentable as it was, has snatched the name of his wretched premier from infamy. The prejudices of Lord Liverpool lay like a load of lead upon every movement; and so the seals of the Foreign Office were resigned into the hands of the Regent, on the 19th of February, 1812.

Lord Wellesley was amongst the warmest advocates for catholic emancipation. It was trusted, but in vain, that when George III. had ceased to reign, the veto of the crown would no longer be cast into the scale of bigotry and intolerance. The marquess distinguished himself during the animated 'war of eloquence,' all through the session of 1812, by many noble efforts on the side of toleration and justice. He declared that he knew the genuine state of the Irish ecclesiastical establishment; how that 'in a very great degree it consisted of bishops without clergy,—of churches without clergymen, and of clergymen without

churches,—of parishes, considerable in extent, without congregations,—of many districts consolidated into one, with a common church too remote to resort to.’ His quiet caustic sarcasm told exceedingly at the time. We may still feel a debt of obligation to him for such sentiments as the following :—

‘ I insist that it is contrary to natural justice to inflict any disability upon any class, and to exclude them from the ordinary advantage of the constitution, unless the security of the state necessarily demand the exclusion. I say it is *primd facie* a gross injustice, which can be qualified only by the clearest proof of its necessity. It is not only contrary to natural justice, but I contend it is contrary also to the spirit of the Christian religion, to impose disabilities merely on account of religious opinions ; and I say that these catholic disabilities are, in reality, merely imposed on that account.’—Vol. iii., p. 293.

The violent death of Mr. Perceval brought about an advance, on the part of the high tories, towards both Mr. Canning and the subject of these memoirs ; yet neither would consent to compromise his convictions with regard to the Roman catholics. After the successful motion of the late Lord Wharncliffe, for an address of the lower house, the Marquess Wellesley received an authorization from the Prince of Wales to form a government. All his efforts, however, failed, as he ventured to avow in his place as a peer, ‘ in consequence of the most dreadful personal animosities, and the most terrible difficulties, arising out of complicated and important questions.’ Being called upon to explain what he meant by these expressions, his lordship declared that ‘ he had used them *advisedly* with reference to the Earl of Liverpool and his colleagues, from whom only the obstacles, to which he had alluded, had arisen.’ Through that singular conjuncture of circumstances, which no mortal could have then anticipated, Lord Liverpool became first lord of the Treasury for fifteen years, without any right to, or qualification for so elevated and important a position ; excepting that he inherited an earldom, stroked the House of Lords, and was not positively disagreeable to his royal Highness the regent.

After these events, the victories of our gallant soldiers having brought the allies to Paris, the blockades and restrictions upon trade were suspended through the peace of 1814. It is not a little interesting, under present political apprehensions and expectations, to observe the course pursued by Lord Wellesley in the grand corn-law controversy. The average prices of wheat for the previous ten years had been ninety shillings a quarter, which was considered a very fair rate, when the peers appointed their committee, and resolved that the importation of corn

should be absolutely prohibited, until the price rose to eighty shillings ! Violent commotions ensued in the agricultural, and more particularly the manufacturing districts. The military were called out in London, where the populace surrounded the two houses of parliament, and hooted obnoxious members of the legislature. Even Mr. Wilberforce records in his diary, that three soldiers, and one peace-officer, regularly attended his family prayers. On this iniquitous measure passing through the lords and commons, the Marquess Wellesley, together with Lord Grenville, drew up an able protest against it, setting forth that all public prosperity must be best promoted by leaving the currents of industry uncontrolled,—that no legislature ought to tamper with the sustenance of the people,—that to confine the consumer of corn to the produce of his own country, is to refuse to ourselves the benefit of that provision which Providence has made for equalizing the variations of season and climate,—that it must be impolitic to give a bounty to the grower, by a tax levied upon the consumer,—and that the profits expected would be derived from an unsound, because an artificial system, even if the sanguine anticipations of the landed interest should be at all realized. Events form the fairest commentary upon these sagacious suggestions. The wonder is that, for thirty years, oppression has been able to override justice ; and that a juggle should have lasted so long, and been suffered to produce such disastrous results, whilst our thousands have been multiplying into myriads, our villages growing up into towns, our towns swelling into cities, with haggard poverty and gaunt famine perpetually stalking through the land ! As already intimated, with respect to his notions on free trade, maintained even in India, Lord Wellesley shone conspicuously amongst his colleagues and contemporaries ; so that Great Britain remained without excuse, for the follies to which men then adhered, who might easily have known better, had they not been too selfish to love their country, and too dull to understand their own interests.

His voice indeed was now raised as loudly against our foreign policy, as against our domestic and internal regulations. He denounced the entire conduct of the congress of Vienna, as well as the previous treaty of Fontainebleau. He considered that the Bourbons had been imposed upon France in a manner so humiliating to her feelings, that the escape of Bonaparte from Elba, and the subsequent events of the Hundred Days, were matters not difficult to be accounted for. He struggled strongly, in conjunction with Lord Lansdowne, for a large reduction in our military establishments ; and generally, for the application of the pruning-knife to every department of the state. His

condemnation of the income tax was clear, from first to last : and whilst he pitied the distress and discontent of the working classes, he nobly opposed the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. His whiggism, however, did not prevent his appointment as viceroy of Ireland, in 1821, when that unhappy island was in a state of insurrection, worse than it is now, or has been since, —when neither life nor property were safe,—when ‘formidable bodies of armed men, bound together by secret oaths, spread terror and desolation through the country,’—when the mail-coaches were intercepted and plundered,—when the royal troops were, on several occasions, under cover of night, openly encountered by the marauders. With the help of an insurrection act, Lord Wellesley restored, at least, the semblance of external order, and, for several years, amidst the most appalling excitement, his administration held on its way, from the tumults in 1822, about decorating King William’s statue, to the celebrated scene at the theatre, when a glass bottle, thrown from the upper galleries, had very nearly conferred the fate of Abimelech upon the head of the conqueror of Tippoo Saib. Orangemen abhorred his liberality in treating the catholics as fellow-subjects with themselves. Catholics conceived that little was effected, so long as emancipation was withheld. Nevertheless, there had never been before a lord-lieutenant to be compared with him. He had imitated, towards contending parties, the decision of Luther at the Reformation: he had thwarted the tyranny of exclusiveness, and the greediness of the clergy. He introduced economy throughout the public expenditure: he achieved the removal of various obnoxious and hateful imposts: he brought about a remission of the Union duties, which acted prejudicially against the commerce of Ireland. Preparations were made for a national system of education. He purified the Augean stable of Irish magistracy and jobbery: establishing petty sessions, appointing assistant barristers, administering impartial justice through unexceptionable judicial appointments, organizing an efficient police, extinguishing, for the time, secret and illegal societies, and mitigating the severity of the atrocious tithe system. He recognized no religious, or political differences, at his public levees: and when, in October 1825, he married a catholic lady, the grand-daughter of a celebrated republican, Carrol of Carrolstown, (who signed the declaration of American independence,) the Castle and Phoenix-park were thronged with all shades of opinion, amidst the pious horror of noblemen, like the Earl of Roden, or journals like the Record newspaper. He resigned on the dissolution of the Canning ministry, or, rather, on the appointment of his brother, the Duke of Wellington as premier.

After the emancipation of the Catholics in 1829, which he had advocated for forty years, he was nominated Lord Steward of the Household to William the Fourth, when that monarch had consigned the helm of affairs to Earl Grey. His views on parliamentary reform had been essentially modified, through lapse of time, since he had opposed the celebrated motion in 1793. In 1833, he resumed the government of Ireland, with Mr. Littleton, his son-in-law, as chief secretary. It is now generally admitted, that he administered the coercion bill 'with firmness, yet with clemency and sound discretion.' His comprehensive plans, however, for the final pacification of the sister kingdom, were suddenly interrupted by the unexpected dismissal of the Whigs in 1834: nor is it any longer a secret, that the famous appropriation clause, which, for an interval of more than five years, substituted Lord Melbourne in the place of Sir Robert Peel, was drawn up by his masterly hand. In 1835, after holding the post of Lord Chamberlain, for one month only, he retired from public life, in his seventy-fifth year, 'to spend the evening of his days in the society of a numerous circle of friends, and in those classical and elegant pursuits, which, at all periods of his life, had been his delight and solace.' His '*Primitiæ et Reliquiæ*,'—a volume of Latin, English, and Greek poems, written, many of them, in his eighty-first year, exhibit 'an astonishing degree of freshness and intellectual beauty.' The inscription to the memory of Miss Brougham will remind the reader of those exquisite lines of Bishop Lowth on the death of his favourite daughter Mary: nor have we ever perused any modern elegy more touching than his lordship's lines on the 'Ruins of Jerusalem.' It is melancholy to reflect, that his pecuniary affairs were inextricably involved in debt and embarrassment; so that even the additional grant of £20,000, besides his annuity of £5000 per annum, from the East India Company scarcely, as we have heard, reached its proper destination. His dispatches were handsomely printed at the cost of the same parties, for wide distribution through the three presidencies: and on the 17th of March, 1841, it was resolved, that a marble statue should be erected to his honour, in the India House. He expired at his residence, Kingston-house, Brompton, on the morning of Monday, the 25th of September, 1842, in the eighty-third year of his age: and was buried in the chapel of Eton College, amidst the sympathies of an enormous throng of illustrious individuals, who manifested, by their tears and lamentations, that no ordinary man had departed from amongst them.

Our empire in India constitutes the mightiest monument to his memory. He added to it, either by arms or negotiation, about one hundred and forty thousand square miles of territory,

forty millions of population, and nearly £10,000,000 sterling of annual revenue! 'It was his glorious destiny,' observed one of his admirers, 'to place our power in Hindostan, in a position of honour and safety which it had never before attained. His energetic mind, embracing in one comprehensive view, all the elements of Indian policy, enabled him to combine them for the benefit alike of that country and his own. He selected with unerring and intuitive judgment the instruments best calculated to carry out his magnificent plans; while by the force of that influence, which great minds exercise over their fellow-men, he imbued them with his own spirit, and directed vast, distant, and complicated operations, with a degree of precision, scarcely to be looked for in the most ordinary transactions.' In other words, he united in his own person, the characteristics of a Roman Consul with those of a British statesman. The seven years of his Indian administration surpassed the achievements of Lucullus, and the triumphs of Pompey the Great. He conquered both for the present and the future. His political arrangements became just so many processes for immediate security, and subsequent aggrandisement. He attempted to *Europeanise* orientalism, if we may be permitted to use such a phrase. His grand object was to realize the eastern fable of a sovereign, who wore upon his brow a circlet of diamonds, in whose talismanic lustre were concentrated the existence and prosperity of his realm. As to his Irish Viceroyalty, if it was less splendid in incident and circumstance, it was by no means unimportant as to the welfare of these kingdoms. Had catholic emancipation been conceded in time, had his ideas been acted upon with regard to the annihilation of protestant ascendancy,—had he but been permitted to conciliate, where others only exasperated,—had he not been checked and thwarted by his subordinates and underlings,—the sister island might have presented a far different aspect than that in which it now appears. He was born to govern men, and to lay his fingers upon the main-springs of society. As an ambassador and a minister,—as a nobleman and a courtier, his mien and habits of business were dignified and graceful. His style, as an orator, seemed too often diffuse, yet never wearisome. There was always an invaluable vein of good sense running through his longest speeches: whilst his dispatches are clear and luminous beyond parallel. Yet he acted better than he spoke,—and reasoned better than he wrote. 'His person was small and symmetrical,—his face remarkable for intellectual beauty:' his voice was modulated to his subject: and those who listened were generally charmed! *Qui semel auditor semper amicus erat.* He possessed a host of friends, attracted by his gentle and

affectionate disposition, his fine sensibilities, his exquisite taste in literature, his high sense of honour as a man and as a companion, and by his generosity bordering upon profuseness. Indeed, as to the last, there was an undoubted lack of prudence; perhaps with some failure in virtue. His temperament manifested, at one period of his life, a trace of the voluptuary: and to the last, in our humble judgment, had a touch of the sultan about it. There appeared more of the loftiness of aristocratic magnificence, than was quite suited to the emancipator of the catholic and the negro, or the conscientious advocate of free trade. In private life he was happier latterly than formerly. His first wife lived apart from him, after his return from India, until her death in 1816: nor were they ever reconciled. We are not informed as to the precise position of their children: nor is it our wish in these pages to meddle with domestic scandal.

The author of these volumes has acquitted himself well throughout his somewhat arduous labours. There is a manliness of thought and independence of manner about them, which are exceedingly attractive. His own reflections are very little intruded upon the reader, and indeed we think there might now and then have been more of them with advantage. We should have preferred the exclusion of certain lengthy and unnecessary documents: and to have had their space occupied with sketches of personages, and summaries of events, which serve to refresh both the biographer and the reader; and which also enable the former to philosophize, at suitable intervals, for the edification of the latter. The chapters now and then seem mere meagre enlargements of the table of contents; nor is there always that unbroken continuity of narrative, which carries the attention forward through the main series of scenes, whilst subsidiary incidents are made to succeed each other in agreeable perspective, without producing either fatigue or distraction. Occasionally, also, there occur exceedingly common-place observations; with a few, which sadly violate all rules of right feeling and good taste,—such as the comparison for example, of Messrs. O'Connell and Shiel, to Moses and Aaron! The biographer, we know, will pardon our freedom, as amongst the genuine marks of real regard from old friends and honest admirers. The three frontispieces to the volumes are beautiful specimens of art, and we recommend the entire work to the enlightened public.

Art. II.—*Sermons preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Foundling Hospital, and several Churches in London; together with Others addressed to a Country Congregation.* By the late Rev. Sydney Smith, Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's Cathedral. Longman and Co.

'OUR very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are.' So old Menenius addressed the tribunes. There may be, then, an apology for a 'mocking priest.' We do not affirm that ridicule is the test of truth, for truth is the only test of the ridiculous. But humour may be healthy and have its use: satire and sarcasm are arrow and javelin of good report and avail; nor do we see how we could live at all amicably and good naturedly in this world if we might not laugh at it. The feeling is uncontrollable. The great thing is to ascertain 'the time to laugh.' Nor ought laughter to be often merry,—jocund,—holding both its sides,—it becomes it to rise into contempt and scorn! The little, the mean, the crooked, the vile, it should meet with no sportive sally, but with that withering irony, that deep abhorrence, which demand a smile for their ensign, and an execration for their outburst.

He who is born with the name of the author has much to do to distinguish it. When 'no Smith was found throughout the land,' then would have been the time to make it renowned and memorable. Perhaps it may be attributed to the numberlessness of the tribe that ambition has inspired so many to exalt themselves. The only hope lies in soubriquet or fame. 'Bobus' Smith can never be forgotten. There are others who prefer great and indefeasible titles to remembrance; they repel all jest. Once was it emblazoned by chivalry and achievement. The breaker of the Temple-prison, the hero of Acre, gave to the name a prefix which seemed to insulate and immortalize it. We doubt, however, whether an English clergyman has not more than divided its honors. His god-fathers and god-mothers gave him the same 'Christian' appellation; and we think that the chance of recognition and identification, in all future, sides with the parson rather than the soldier, with the man of cloth rather than the man of steel.

We really are anxious to do justice to Sydney Smith; we have so long heard his facetiæ, his epigrams, his oracles, that there is danger of confounding him with the mere table-wit. The difficulty is in reconciling him with his profession. We have seen him in the pulpit, and the restraint upon him, his very seriousness, was comedy itself; we thought him out of place; any where we should have preferred him than in that tribune,—

in *bottle* than in *wood*; yet he was serious, sententious, pointed. With burly form and rotund speech,—raising his spectacles to give a popular glance and head-shaking emphasis,—he would grandiloquently remark, no one being so aware of the absurdity of that grandiloquence as himself,—‘He who would be respected,’—his stride is now in his hand, and his eye searches the stalls,—‘must be respectable!!’ His earlier preaching essays (the reader may throw the accent as he will) were feeble and jejune; he did not appear to understand the value of common words; he took for a text, ‘Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.’ He commenced with unquestioning confidence in his terminology: ‘Vanity is that passion of the human breast, &c.’ His earlier jokes were puerile and strained. If he argued against any natural connection between modesty and merit, all that he would allow, even of plausible and suppositious alliance, was that both begun with *a m.* The best fortune which ever befel him was the turning upon him of one of his malapert indiscretions. He was a West-end chapel preacher, elegant, courteous, pagan,—a lecturer in Albemarle-street, and Zany to Holland-house:—a *locum tenens* (ecclesiasticè, a warming-pan) was wanted for a Yorkshire living. Unbeneficed, he snatched at it; he designed a ‘servant of servants’ for it; it was low, and but thinly inhabited; he could draw the income, and still be the man on town. But he not only could mimic his superiors, he had a strong passion for a *concio* wherever he could obtain an auditory. Voice, attitude, articulation, led him to the *ex cathedra* style; he loved the airs of counsel and rebuke; he was somewhat theatric. So it came to pass, that, as the junior rector of a visitational district, he must needs address his arch-prelate (the functionary’s fondness for quaint, sly, pleasantries, fully justifies his pre-eminence) and the neighbouring pastors. This was an opportunity he could not forego; he was big with the occasion. What should be his theme? how might he fill that hour of pomp? The Residence Act had just received royal consent; it inspired him for his declamations; he could approve without care or loss. A laudatory descant upon the measure would serve his churchmanship, which, haply, had not been rated most sound or zealous. He preached! the oratory took the Bæotian Trullibers and Chopsticks aback. Nothing had been seen on those flats, or by those flats, like this before. The voice ranged in a register of octaves; the hands, it is feared, sawed the air. He had demonstrated that a clergyman should live on his living; this had been believed before, to be the literal truth; he intended something of the ‘whereabout,’ tether as well as nosebag. The diocesan seized the earliest opportunity of thanking him aloud before the dining conclave. ‘Never had he listened to such

cogent, convincing, argument. No cavil could be raised against it'—(more than the M's seemed coming together,—the preacher bowed and blushed!)—'and if his reverend brother did not immediately take up his residence among them, he must renounce the living!' 'O most'—not 'lame and impotent,'—'conclusion!' And there for years he vegetated,—an agrestian,—turning turnips, grazing grasses, pyeing potatoes,—almost forgotten but for his light missile at some clerical anti-popish meeting, or his detected domino in the 'Edinburgh Review.' Basil and Nazianzen never bewailed more poignantly their expatriation. His little coinage, a token-sort, circulated among the surrounding gentry, who admired what he meant; he would have ruined their principles of keeping things as they are if they could have understood him; he was terrible in a magisterial committee, and threw an attractive cheerfulness about a gaol commission. It must not be forgotten that during this twofold state of migration and hybernation, he obtained a sheriff's chaplaincy. In the first assize sermon he tiraded the bar; in the second he lectured the bench!

By this time the vegetative process was threatening him, and he was little more than mandrake. Unless stirring times had come it may be questioned whether he could have left behind him more than arborized remains. The agricultural symptoms were distressingly evolved; but though he moved slow in his portliness, and pensive on his glebe,—sometimes with bill in hand slashing copse and hedge,—another bill aroused him, and to more congenial hewing he set himself. Just previously to the reform-struggle he had been presented with a prebend of Bristol; the stipend was reckoned at almost £10 per annum; it flattered his ambition. 'It is not worth your acceptance,' said a friend. 'It has made me a happy man for life,' was the reply; 'I shall now never go to prayers but behind a silver poker.' It was not only a conceit,—it opened to him the way of preferment. *Wanted no longer* in the East Riding cure, other prizes fell to his share; his friends were now in power; he paid them service still. The parable of Mrs. Partington with mop and pattens really did them good. But, alas, for the consistency, the onward going, of reformers! There was coming the hour of church pruning and cleansing; the heads of the church led the way; the bench they found to be perfect, except a little underpaid! Deans and chapters offered a nobler beginning. Here was abuse! here was scope for despoliation! He was by this time in Amen Corner; he stood in the point blank range of the fire. Whether he would always have objected to the taking of ministers to task we cannot aver; his conscientious scruples were now violently strong; he considered

that this was the last point to be touched ; it was the altar. He had felt it a relief if the attack could have been directed to any other quarter above him or below him ; right wing or left wing ; but this was striking, not at the centre, for that was an accident, but at him who happened to be posted there. He called all arts of rhetoric into his cause ; he disdained not his playful alliteration. The poor, starveling, dignitaries,—no more choosing among livings nor pampered upon fines,—were described by him as lying at Dives's gate,—Fulham was intended,—‘ comforted by crumbs and doctored by dogs.’

Our author certainly rose in worth towards the conclusion of his years. We have read these sermons with a deep interest. They are any thing but what Christian sermons ought to be. They can boast no evangelic vein ; but allow them their own character and pretension, and there is power in them. You see that the man has feeling. In representing the flatteries and fascinations with which our present queen would be surrounded on her accession, he exclaims—‘ What other cure but deep religious feeling for all the arrogance and vanity which her exalted position must engender ? for all the soul-corrupting homage with which she is met at every moment of her existence ! what other cure than to cast herself down in darkness and solitude before God—to say that she is dust and ashes ; and *to call down the pity of the Almighty upon her difficult and dangerous life !*’ The italics are ours ; the pathos, the truth, is exquisite. There is, indeed, no levity in these compositions—the stamp of a perfect honesty is upon them. They glow with a love of freedom. Sometimes he is careless. He will ascribe to Jeremy Taylor a saying of Benjamin Franklin. He winds up a discourse in a peroration of personal feeling. ‘ I shall exclaim with the *Psalmist*, ‘ Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,’ &c.’ He can be bitterly faithful ; his farewell sermon at Berkeley Chapel is founded on the seventh command : ‘ Thou shalt not commit adultery.’

Like most of the old school Whigs, he stumbles at the great principles of religious liberty ! ‘ I have lived to see the immense improvements of the church of England, all its power of persecution destroyed, its monopoly of civil offices expunged from the book of the law, and all its unjust and exclusive immunities levelled to the ground. The church of England is now a rational object of love and admiration—it is perfectly compatible with civil freedom—it is an institution for worshipping God, and not a cover for gratifying secular insolence, and ministering to secular ambition.’ We believe him to be sincere. This is the statesmanship of all our liberal standard-bearers. But it might have been written with the spirit which he knew so well to keep, the

spirit of quiet, piquant, chuckle and fanfaronade. 'All its powers of persecution destroyed!' 'all its unjust and exclusive immunities levelled to the ground!' Can it be said in earnest? We, who live in its invidious shadow, who feel daily its contempt, whose scholarship it denies because it is not beholden to it, whose religious aims it scoffs, whose vital interests are at all points threatened by it, who are insulted by its veriest toleration,—Can we hear it 'without our special wonder?' Let our village pastors and churches be shown this eulogium, and let them be sworn to it.

Here must be the great contest and division of parties. Politicians cannot understand how there can be persecution, and yet not faggot nor sword. Politicians cannot understand how a government is to be carried on without a religious establishment. We may talk of coalitions, but this is the real and fatal one. We have helped those who have avowed civil liberty; we will help them still—we would not turn sullen, nor fall away from every party. We must have combination, and we must act in combination. But where is the religious freedom party? The abettors of a state-church cannot belong to it. We have no public men on our side; the most keen-sighted on these questions cannot perceive that a favoured church is a snare and a wrong. If they catch a glimpse of what we feel as an inconsistency with liberty, as a violence of partiality, they proffer support to all. Thus only will they adjust the case; they will bribe our silence and entangle our rectitude, but nothing may we expect from them to redress our injury and restore our equality!

It may be recorded of Sydney Smith, that he was politically unsullied. He had never flinched from his principles; they were not of the most lofty and generous order, but *Qualis ab incepto processit et sibi constat*.

In the re-publication of his contributions to the great *Northern Journal*, a fine opportunity was given him of cancelling or extenuating his foolish and profane sneers against Christian missions. He renewed them without apology or misgiving. How had that cause gathered proof and glory from its modern career? how had it silenced and shamed its assailants? how had it mightily prevailed! What evidence it had accumulated to convince him! what success had it won that might have awakened the enthusiasm of his admiration! But his was a cold temperament; his scintillations bore no warmth; the grandeur of Christianity found in him no kindred faculty nor sentiment. Sacrificing the friendly feelings of parting, and to the last conveying his contempt of the cause which necessitated it, he is said to have breathed the simple wish to Bishop Selwyn, 'May you disagree with the cannibal who eats you!'

We are in possession of a few anecdotes which we believe are

little known. He was not learned enough to be bishop's chaplain and examiner, but the kind-hearted and right merry prelate under whose crozier his northern benefice placed him, loved his company and sought his visit. He rose in the gradations of the palatial table, and sometimes acted as his croupier. His grace hates from his heart scientific and erudite bores; he knows well the points of a horse, and was once complimented by an old clergyman, who thought in Greek roots more than in English vocables, as the most thorough hypocrite of his day. The courtly suffrage was returned by a smile and a bow. But these 'pestilent fellows' would intrude—an entomologist arrived, full of his minute philosophy. As he sate at the right elbow of his host, he inflicted a whole store of *larvæ*, *antennæ*, *tentacula*, upon him, until misery reached its utmost. In vain the master of the banquet protested his ignorance, yawned his impatience, absolutely snored. On the torrent flowed; the humourist at the bottom of the table was generally ready for the rescue, while he delayed it in delight of the annoyance. At last he heard the man of insects observe that the eye of the fly was larger in proportion to its body than in any other creature. Sydney Smith gave the statement the rudest, most cat-o'-th'-mountain, denial. Utterly staggered by such a reply, the observer appealed to visual proof. All were now alive to the controversy. With great formality the respondent pointed out the great sources of all truth, even in bardic measures and in nursery rhymes. There lay the common opinion and knowledge of mankind. 'What then? how does all this bear upon the present case?' In thundering recitative, our hero struck up—'I said the fly, with my *little* eye, I saw him die!' The naturalist was as pinned as any of his beetles, and he, who had suffered most of the bore, might have exclaimed—*Sic me servavit!* On another occasion the late Francis Wrangham was dealing out at the symposium far more learning than seemed to be relished by the chair—the vice was imploringly eyed to interfere; immediately he spoke in a loud undertone, a stage aside—'How he is annoying the worthy archbishop; it is easy to see where he is; as usual he is in the Persian war; yes, now he is at Darius Hystaspes. He has presumed too much; his grace is waking up; 'Darius Hystaspes! I never heard of that horse before; what is its pedigree, sire and dam?' The elegant historian with one stride retreated on the bank of the Granicus!

It is difficult to moralise on such a man. If there be in him much to admire, there is much more to lament. He has left warning behind him rather than instruction. There is an arc, and it tells us the orbit he might have run: the disappointment is the more bitter that it is the poor and only fragment of that conceivable circle!

Art. III.—*History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century*. Vol. IV.

By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D. Assisted in the preparation of the English original by H. White. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

THIS volume is appropriately published, by the author, in English. Its predecessors were originally issued in French, and thence translated into our tongue; but as their circulation in France hardly exceeded four thousand, while upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand copies were sold in this kingdom and America, M. D'Aubigné has naturally determined to give priority to the English edition of the continuation of his work. He has, moreover, superintended its publication, and has thus contributed greatly to the accurate conveyance of his thoughts to the English reader. 'I did not think it right,' he remarks in his preface, 'to leave to translators, as in the cases of the former volumes, the task of expressing my ideas in English. The best translations are always faulty; and the author alone can have the certainty of conveying his idea, his whole idea, and nothing but his idea. Without overlooking the merit that the several existing translations may possess, even the best of them is not free from inaccuracies, more or less important.' This is as it should be. It was due to the people by whom his work had been so extensively patronized, that they should have it in the most complete and perfect form: and we are glad to learn that the earlier volumes of the work are about to appear, under the immediate superintendence and revision of the author. The appeal which he makes 'to English honour' on behalf of the integrity of his copyright, will not, we hope, be without effect, at the same time that the common sense of mankind will dictate the preference of an original over a translation from a French edition. Much, however, will depend on Messrs. Oliver and Boyd supplying the market, at an early period, with a popular and cheap edition. They will be wise to do so without loss of time, and thus deprive the literary smuggler of all reasonable excuse, and diminish vastly the temptation which high prices furnish. It is with books as with brandy or silks. Where the inducement is sufficiently strong, the contraband is sure to compete with the fair trader, and it will therefore be prudent in Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, to bring out the work at such a cost as will diminish, to the lowest point, the probable success of any competitor.

The first part of the present volume details at considerable length, the circumstances connected with the protest of Spire, and with the confession of Augsburg. These events marked

the most important epochs of the German reformation, and are worthy of the serious attention of the ecclesiastical student. The latter part of the volume describes the establishment of the Reformation in most of the Swiss cantons, and 'the instructive and deplorable events that are connected with the catastrophe of Cappel!' We shall confine ourselves to the former, as conveying information more apposite to our own day: at the same time that we recommend an attentive perusal of M. Aubigné's narrative of the Swiss reform.

A rapid change had been taking place in the sentiments of Germany from the first appearance of Luther. Several of the states and cities had given in their adhesion to reform. Men of all ranks, from the prince to the peasant, had responded earnestly to his appeal. They were evidently prepared for his mission. He was not born out of due time. Others had laboured, and he now entered into their labours. The way was prepared before him, and his zeal and simplicity of purpose, his highmindedness and faith, conciliated the attention and confidence of large masses of his countrymen. The intellect of Europe had previously been aroused, and the transmission of truth was consequently rapid. Men were waiting the appearance of such a reformer. They had witnessed the abominations of the papacy, its superstitious worship, the corruption and sensuality of its clergy, and the pride and ambition of its councils. The revival of letters enabled them to estimate these things better than their fathers; and the public sentiment of Europe became in consequence hostile to some of the claims of St. Peter. In many cases, religious conviction prompted this hostility; but in others, political considerations were most potent, and the religious only secondary and indirect. Even where the spiritual supremacy of the pope was regarded with superstition, his political power was frequently denounced. The head of the Roman states was threatened, while the successor of St. Peter was adored. Men assailed the former, while they bowed down and worshipped before the latter. A striking instance of this was afforded in 1527, when the imperial forces under the command of the constable of Bourbon, appeared before 'the eternal city,' in open defiance of the powers of the church. Many of our readers are acquainted with what followed; but the passage is too instructive and its incidents too significant of what was passing in men's minds, for us to omit our author's rapid sketch.

'On the evening of the 5th May, Bourbon arrived under the walls of the capital; and he would have begun the assault at that very moment if he had had ladders. On the morning of the 6th the army, concealed by a thick fog which hid their movements, was put in motion, the Spaniards marching to their station above the gate of the

Holy Ghost, and the Germans below. The constable, wishing to encourage his soldiers, seized a scaling-ladder, mounted the wall, and called on them to follow him. At this moment a ball struck him: he fell, and expired an hour after. Such was the end of this unhappy man, a traitor to his king and to his country, and suspected even by his new friends.

His death, far from checking, served only to excite the army. Claudius Seidenstucker, grasping his long sword, first cleared the wall; he was followed by Michael Hartmann, and these two reformed Germans exclaimed that God himself marched before them in the clouds. The gates were opened, the army poured in, the suburbs were taken, and the pope, surrounded by thirteen cardinals, fled to the castle of Saint Angelo. The imperialists, at whose head was now the Prince of Orange, offered him peace, on condition of his paying three hundred thousand crowns. But Clement, who thought that the Holy League was on the point of delivering him, and who fancied he already saw their leading horsemen, rejected every proposition. After a few hours' repose, the attack was renewed, and by an hour after sunset the army was master of all the city. It remained under arms and in good order until midnight, the Spaniards in the Piazza Navona, and the Germans in the Campofiore. At last, seeing no demonstrations either of war or of peace, the soldiers disbanded and ran to pillage.

'Then began the famous 'Sack of Rome.' The papacy had for centuries put Christendom in the press. Prebends, annates, jubilees, pilgrimages, ecclesiastical graces,—she had made money of them all. These greedy troops, that for months had lived in wretchedness, determined to make her disgorge. No one was spared, the imperial not more than the ultramontane party, the Ghibellines not more than the Guelfs. Churches, palaces, convents, private houses, basilics, banks, tombs,—every thing was pillaged, even to the golden ring that the corpse of Julius II. still wore on its finger. The Spaniards displayed the greatest skill; they scented out and discovered treasures in the most mysterious hiding-places; but the Neapolitans were still more outrageous. 'On every side were heard,' says Guicciardini, 'the piteous shrieks of the Roman women and of the nuns whom the soldiers dragged away by companies to satiate their lust.'

'At first the Germans found a certain pleasure in making the papists feel the weight of their swords. But ere long, happy at finding food and drink, they were more pacific than their allies. It was upon those things which the Romans called 'holy' that the anger of the Lutherans was especially discharged. They took away the chalices, the pyxes, the silver remonstrances, and clothed their servants and camp-boys with the sacerdotal garments. The Campofiore was changed into an immense gambling-house. The soldiers brought thither golden vessels and bags full of crowns, staked them upon one throw of the dice, and after losing them, they went in search of others. A certain Simon Baptista, who had foretold the sack of the city, had been thrown into prison by the pope;

the Germans liberated him, and made him drink with them. But, like Jeremiah, he prophesied against all. 'Rob, plunder,' cried he to his liberators; 'you shall, however, give back all; the money of the soldiers and the gold of the priests will follow the same road.'

'Nothing pleased the Germans more than to mock the papal court. 'Many prelates,' says Guicciardini, 'were paraded on asses through all the city of Rome.' After this procession, the bishops paid their ransom; but they fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who made them pay it a second time.'

'One day a lansquenet named Guillaume de Sainte Celle, put on the pope's robes, and placed the triple crown upon his head; others, adorning themselves with the red hats and long robes of the cardinals, surrounded him; and all going in procession upon asses through the streets of the city, arrived at last before the castle of Saint Angelo, where Clement VII. had retired. Here the soldier-cardinals alighted, and lifting up the front of their robes, kissed the feet of the pretended pontiff. The latter drank to the health of Clement VII., the cardinals kneeling did the same, and exclaimed that henceforward they would be pious popes and good cardinals, who would have a care not to excite wars, as all their predecessors had done. They then formed a conclave, and the pope having announced to his consistory that it was his intention to resign the papacy, all hands were immediately raised for the election, and they cried out 'Luther is Pope! Luther is Pope!' Never had pontiff been proclaimed with such perfect unanimity. Such were the humours of the Germans.'—pp. 21-25.

We need not express our abhorrence of the atrocities practised on this occasion, whether by Spanish or German soldiers. It is a dark chapter that records them, in which, however, may be discovered some traces—sadly disfigured, it is true—of that emancipation from debased and grovelling superstition which the bold heart of Luther had announced. It was a terrible retribution that was inflicted on Rome; the rebound of insulted and depraved humanity when first released from the thralldom of ages. But enough of this. Having noted 'the sack of Rome' as one of the signs of the times, we recur to the progress of the reformation, as detailed by M. D'Aubigné.

The political changes which led to this catastrophe, secured to the reformers a brief period of repose. Instead of marching against them as he had threatened at Seville, the emperor directed his forces against the pope, to whom he addressed a manifesto full of bitter and reproachful terms. 'Let your highness' said Charles, 'return the sword of St. Peter into the scabbard, and convoke a holy and universal council.' Ferdinand was commanded to suspend the edict of Worms and to conciliate the partisans of Luther, and the discussions which followed

in the diet of Spire, elicited in a partial and imperfect form the principle of religious liberty. 'In one place' said the deputies of one of the cities, 'the ancient ceremonies have been preserved; in another they have been abolished; and both think they are right. Let us allow each one to do as he thinks fit, until a council shall re-establish the desired unity by the word of God.' This advice was adopted, and it was ultimately resolved that, until such council assembled 'each state should behave in its own territory in a manner so as to be able to render an account to God and to the emperor.'

'Thus,' says our author, 'they escaped from their difficulty by a middle course; and this time it was really the true one. Each one maintained his rights, while recognising another's. The diet of 1526 forms an important epoch in history: an ancient power, that of the middle ages, is shaken; a new power, that of modern times, is advancing; religious liberty boldly takes its stand in front of Romish despotism; a lay spirit prevails over the sacerdotal spirit. In this single step there is a complete victory: the cause of the reform is won.'—p. 15.

From this period to 1529 there was a calm throughout Germany, which enabled the reform to organise and extend itself. The good providence of God was signally conspicuous in securing to his church this interval of repose, 'The wrath of man was made to praise him,' and, as the event showed, the friends of evangelical truth were thus enabled to prepare for the struggle which impended. Philip of Hesse was the first to organise an ecclesiastical constitution for his state, and its general character was popular. Unlike most of his compeers he inclined to the Swiss reform, and the fundamental principle of self-government was recognised throughout the plan framed for the churches of his dominions. Content with having thrown off the yoke of the papacy, he had no ambition, like our own Henry, to place himself in the pontiff's stead, but 'was satisfied with an external superintendence necessary for the maintenance of order.' It would have been well for the reformation had his example been generally followed, but men were not yet prepared for the full apprehension of truth. The school of adversity—the bitter experience of many generations was needed, before they could be taught the insults and the injury done to religion, by permitting the secular power to regulate its worship, or controul the spiritual functions of its ministry. The following, which are amongst the principal features of the ecclesiastical constitution of Hesse, display, under the circumstances of the case, a remarkable approximation to the truth.

'The church can only be taught and governed by the word of its Sovereign Pastor. Whoever has recourse to any other word shall be deposed and excommunicated.'

‘Every pious man, learned in the word of God, whatever be his condition, may be elected bishop if he desire it, for he is called inwardly of God.

‘Let no one believe that by a bishop we understand anything else than a simple minister of the word of God.

‘The ministers are servants, and consequently they ought not to be lords, princes, or governors.

‘Let the faithful assemble and choose their bishops and deacons. Each church should elect its own pastor.

‘Let those who are elected bishops be consecrated to their office by the imposition of the hands of three bishops; and as for the deacons, if there are no ministers present, let them receive the laying on of hands from the elders of the church.

‘If a bishop causes any scandal to the church by his effeminacy, or by the splendour of his garments, or by the levity of his conduct, and if, on being warned, he persists, let him be deposed by the church.—p. 34.

The popular element of church government was at first generally recognized. Writing to the Calixtins of Bohemia in 1523, Luther had counselled them, where more regular methods could not be adopted, to seek God by prayer, and then to ‘choose in the Lord’s name him or them whom you shall have acknowledged to be fitted for this ministry.’ Subsequent events, however, led him to modify his theory; or rather, the apparent necessities of the case induced him to sanction a practice inconsistent with it. The German reformation can hardly be said to have begun with the lower classes, and hence the character it assumed. Luther deferred too much to this fact. He would have acted a wiser part, one more in harmony with his religious vocation, and better suited to advance the permanent interests of truth, had he discriminated between things secular and religious, ceding to the magistrate a controul of the former, but asserting for the latter an exemption from his jurisdiction, and an innate power of self-preservation and growth. M. D’Aubigné has fairly stated the circumstances which determined his course, though we cannot admit the necessity which he supposes to have been laid upon him. His words are worthy of being noted, and we transfer them for the instruction of our readers.

‘But if the people were indifferent, the princes were not so. They stood in the foremost rank of the battle, and sat on the first bench in the council. The democratic organization was therefore compelled to give way to an organization conformable to the civil government. The church is composed of Christians, and they are taken wherever they are found—high or low. It was particularly in high stations that Luther found them. He admitted the princes as representatives of the people; and henceforward the influence of the state

became one of the principal elements in the constitution of the evangelical church.

'In the mind of the reformer, this guardianship of the princes was only to be provisional. The faithful being then in minority, they had need of a guardian; but the era of the church's majority might arrive, and with it would come its emancipation.

'We may admit that this recourse to the civil power was at that time necessary, but we cannot deny that it was also a source of difficulties. We will point out only one. When Protestantism became an affair of governments and nations, it ceased to be universal. The new spirit was capable of creating a new earth. But instead of opening new roads, and of purposing the regeneration of all Christendom, and the conversion of the whole world, the Protestants sought to settle themselves as comfortably as possible in a few German duchies. This timidity, which has been called prudence, did immense injury to the reformation.'—pp. 39, 40.

Melancthon's influence in this matter was injurious. His timid and temporizing character unfitted him for the work of reform. We know and love his excellences, and hold him in grateful remembrance. He frequently tempered the harshness of Luther; gave an air of mildness to his measures, which that superb spirit never could have imparted, and rendered important literary aid to the reformation. But on the other hand—and truth must not be sacrificed to our partialities—he would on different occasions have sacrificed the great work, and made a hollow truce with Rome, if the heroism and faith of Luther had not interposed. In the case before us his influence was conservative, not reforming. The love of peace overcame his sense of obligation to truth. He was frequently more apprehensive of danger than alive to duty,—was more concerned to ward off opposition than to carry out the true spirit and intent of reform. His counsel to one of the inspectors was characteristic, and its influence on the German reformation considerable. 'All the old ceremonies' said he, 'that you can preserve, pray do so.' Do not innovate much, for every innovation is injurious to the people.' It was well for the truth which Melancthon, notwithstanding this, dearly loved, that there were men of firmer mould by his side. Luther was the presiding spirit of the movement, and his sterner nature checked the timid counsels of his associate.

The firmness of Luther was speedily called into requisition. In March 1529, the emperor summoned a diet at Spire, and the political considerations which had previously led him to tamper with the Protestants having ceased, he lent himself entirely to the policy of the Romanists. Their object was to annul the decree of 1526, by which partial religious liberty had been secured, and to revive the edict of Worms 1521, by which the

civil power was required to enforce the dogmas of the papacy. It was ultimately resolved, that in all places where the edict of Worms had been received, it should be strictly enforced; and that in other places innovations should be prohibited, and proselytism be severely repressed. The Anabaptists and Sacramentarians were declared to be without the pale of toleration, and a determination was avowed to reinstate the church in its ancient unity and power. It was a fearful crisis which had arrived. Men's spirits were tested by it, and for a moment the result seemed doubtful. The decree was passed on the 7th of April, and unconditional submission was demanded. 'If it became a law, the reformation could neither be extended into those places where as yet it was unknown, nor be established on solid foundations in those where it already existed. The re-establishment of the Romish hierarchy stipulated in the proposition, would infallibly bring back the ancient abuses; and the least deviation from so vexatious an ordinance would easily furnish the Romanists with a pretext for completing the destruction of a work already so violently shaken.' Under these circumstances the princes and deputies met to consult on their common interest, and their resolution was speedily taken.

'Let us reject this decree,' said the princes. 'In matters of conscience the majority has no power.'—'It is to the decree of 1526,' added the cities, 'that we are indebted for the peace that the empire enjoys: to abolish it would be to fill Germany with troubles and divisions. The diet is incompetent to do more than preserve religious liberty until the council meets.' Such in fact is the grand attribute of the state, and if in our days the Protestant powers should seek to influence the Romish governments, they should strive solely to obtain for the subjects of the latter that religious liberty which the pope confiscates to his own advantage wherever he reigns alone, and by which he profits greatly in every evangelical state. Some of the deputies proposed refusing all assistance against the Turks, hoping thus to force the emperor to interfere in this question of religion. But Sturm called upon them not to mingle political matters with the salvation of souls. They resolved, therefore, to reject the proposition, but without holding out any threats. It was this noble resolution that gained for modern times liberty of thought and independence of faith.'—p. 70.

To their remonstrance Ferdinand, the brother of the Emperor, replied—'It is a settled affair, submission is all that remains.' It was a perilous position which the reformers occupied. The power of the empire was against them. The imperial forces were ready to execute the persecuting decree, and the church already fulminated its thunders. They were denounced as rebels and heretics, and the secular and spiritual powers were

prepared to inflict on them the terrors of both worlds. Ordinary men would have trembled, paused, and shrunk back. There was much to give an air of justification to such a course. They had done their best to secure a better issue. All which human forethought and faithfulness could suggest had been attempted, and they now stood alone, exposed to a tempest which had never been successfully withstood, and before which their strength would probably be as perfect weakness. Even honest men might have reasoned thus, and had the elector of Saxony and his associates done so, we might have pitied their weakness and reproached their infidelity, but could not have been surprised. Happily, however, they were men of a higher cast of mind, and the Spirit of the living God was powerful upon them. They appealed from the Diet to the word of God, from the Emperor Charles to the King of the princes of the earth. Rising with the difficulties of the occasion, they drew up the famous *protest*,—from which their name was subsequently drawn,—declaring the decree of the Diet to be both unjust and impious. In this noble document, which marks an important era in the reformation, they distinctly asserted the supremacy of Jesus Christ, the inviolability of conscience, and the personal nature of religious service. The right of a majority to regulate the faith of a minority was repudiated, and their determination to stand in the liberty of the gospel asserted in terms not to be misunderstood.

‘ ‘ Moreover ’—and this is the essential part of the protest—‘ the new edict declaring the ministers shall preach the gospel, explaining it according to the writings accepted by the holy Christian church; we think that, for this regulation to have any value, we should first agree on what is meant by this true and holy church. Now, seeing that there is great diversity of opinion in this respect; that there is no sure doctrine but such as is conformable to the word of God; that the Lord forbids the teaching of any other doctrine; that each text of the holy scriptures ought to be explained by other and clearer texts; that this holy book is, in all things necessary for the Christian, easy of understanding, and calculated to scatter the darkness: we are resolved, with the grace of God, to maintain the pure and exclusive preaching of his only word, such as it is contained in the biblical books of the Old and New Testament, without adding anything thereto that may be contrary to it. This word is the only truth; it is the sure rule of all doctrine and of all life, and can never fail or deceive us. He who builds on this foundation shall stand against all the powers of hell, whilst all the human vanities that are set up against it shall fall before the face of God.’ ’—74.

The reading of this protest made a deep impression. It was no longer possible to doubt the living energy which characterised reform. Thoughtful men began to feel that it could not

be arrested. The mere politician discovered the element of an enduring and powerful party, whilst all devout men recognised an enfranchised gospel. Honour be to the princes and deputies who signed it. Their names should be held in grateful reverence. They went before us bearing the burden and heat of the day, labouring on our behalf as well as their own, achieving for generations to come a spiritual freedom, of which mankind had been destitute for ages. We need scarcely advert to the essential identity of the principles they avowed, and those which we hold. They are substantially one, and the advocates of civil authority in matters of religion, and those amongst ourselves who discountenance an agitation of the State Church question, will be wise to ponder the facts of the case.

'The principles contained,' says M. D'Aubigné, 'in this celebrated protest of the 19th April, 1529, constitute the very essence of Protestantism. Now this protest opposes two abuses of man in matters of faith: the first is the intrusion of the civil magistrate, and the second is the arbitrary authority of the church. Instead of these two abuses, Protestantism sets up above the magistrate the power of conscience; and above the visible church the authority of the word of God. It declines, in the first place, the civil power in Divine things, and says with the prophets and apostles: *We must obey God rather than man*. In presence of the crown of Charles the Fifth, it uplifts the crown of Jesus Christ. But it goes farther: it lays down the principle, that all human teaching should be subordinate to the oracles of God. Even the primitive church, by recognising the writings of the apostles, had performed an act of submission to this supreme authority, and not an act of authority, as Rome maintains; and the establishment of a tribunal charged with the interpretation of the Bible, had terminated only in slavishly subjecting man to man in that which should be the most unfettered—conscience and faith. In this celebrated act of Spire no doctor appears, and the word of God reigns alone. Never has man exalted himself like the pope; never have men kept in the background like the reformers.'—p. 76.

The Diet of Augsburg was held in the following year, under circumstances most inauspicious to reform: Charles had recently been crowned by the pope, emperor of Germany, and when kissing the white cross embroidered on the slipper of Clement, had exclaimed—'I swear, ever to employ all my strength to defend the pontifical dignity, and the church of Rome.' With that oath fresh upon his lips he repaired to Augsburg, whither he had summoned the states to assemble. The Protestant princes hesitated. They suspected his designs, and were apprehensive of their personal safety. An appeal to arms was proposed, and the elector solicited the advice of Luther. 'Attend,' was the magnanimous reply. 'If the emperor desires to march against

us, let no prince undertake our defence. God is faithful: he will not abandon us.' This advice was happily complied with, and the memorable *Confession* drawn up by Melancthon, which the reformers presented to the emperor, is one of the most cherished records of the Christian church. Luther's friends prohibited his appearance in the city, but he earnestly struggled with his brethren, and his prayers on their behalf were incessant. Here was the secret of his power, and we need not wonder therefore that secular men do not understand him.

'Luther, besides his constant reading of the word of God, did not pass a day without devoting three hours at least to prayer, and they were hours selected from those most favourable to study. One day, as Diedrich approached the Reformer's chamber, he heard his voice, and remained motionless, holding his breath, a few steps from the door. Luther was praying, and his prayer (said the secretary) was full of adoration, fear, and hope, as when one speaks to a friend or to a father. 'I know that thou art our Father and our God,' said the Reformer, alone in his chamber, 'and that thou wilt scatter the persecutors of thy children, for thou art thyself endangered with us. All this matter is thine, and it is only by thy constraint that we have put our hands to it. Defend us then, O Father!' The secretary, motionless as a statue, in the long gallery of the castle, lost not one of the words that the clear and resounding voice of Luther bore to his ears. The Reformer was earnest with God, and called upon him with so much unction to accomplish his promises, that Diedrich felt his heart glow within him. 'Oh!' exclaimed he, as he retired, 'How could not these prayers but prevail in the desperate struggle at Augsburg!'—p. 220.

On hearing of Melancthon's despondency and anguish, he wrote him in a strain of heroic fortitude, which to more timid, or more worldly minds, may savour of extravagant self-confidence: but it was really in his case the fruit of a profound abasement at the footstool of God. This was the salient point of his character, whence its worth was derived, and his power of moral achievement drawn. When others trembled he stood firm. The enemies within shook the foundations of his being, but those without he surveyed with calmness and triumph. The former made him doubt himself, the latter never could induce him to doubt his God. Assured of interest in the divine protection, he laughed to very scorn, the threats and curses of his foes. The following to Melancthon is characteristic:—

'Grace and peace in Christ! in Christ, I say, and not in the world, Amen. I hate with exceeding hatred those extremes cares which consume you. If the cause is unjust, abandon it; if the cause is just, why should we belie the promises of Him who commands us to sleep without fear? Can the devil do more than kill us? Christ

will not be wanting to the work of justice and of truth. He lives; he reigns; what fear, then, can we have? God is powerful to upraise his cause if it is overthrown, to make it proceed if it remains motionless, and if we are not worthy of it, he will do it by others.

‘ ‘ I have received your apology, and I cannot understand what you mean, when you ask what we must concede to the papists. We have already conceded too much. Night and day I meditate on this affair, turning it over and over, perusing all scripture, and the certainty of the truth of our doctrine continually increases in my mind. With the help of God, I will not permit a single letter of all that we have said to be torn from us.

‘ ‘ The issue of this affair torments you, because you cannot understand it. But if you could, I would not have the least share in it. God has put it in a ‘common place,’ that you will not find either in your rhetoric or in your philosophy: that place is called Faith. It is that in which subsist all things that we can neither understand nor see. Whoever wishes to touch them, as you do, will have tears for his sole reward.

‘ ‘ If Christ is not with us, where is he in the whole universe? If we are not the church, where, I pray, is the church? Is it the Dukes of Bavaria, is it Ferdinand, is it the Turk, who is the church? If we have not the word of God, who is it that possesses it?

‘ ‘ Only we must have faith, lest the cause of faith should be found to be without faith.

‘ ‘ If we fall, Christ falls with us, that is to say, the Master of the world. I would rather fall with Christ, than remain standing with Cæsar.’ —pp. 223, 224.

We had intended to enter somewhat at large into the history of the Diet of Augsburg, and of the memorable *Confession*, but must defer doing so to another opportunity. Our readers will do well—we need scarcely urge them to it—to give this portion of M. D'Aubigné's volume an attentive perusal. On our own mind it has made a powerful impression, more especially, as it respects the character of Luther. We question whether his equal has existed since the days of the apostles, or whether full justice has been done to his moral magnanimity, and distinctive Christian excellences, even by the warmest of his admirers. Would, that the church were again visited by such a reformer. Let but his faith, and patience, and zeal be brought to bear on the discussions of our day, and the emancipation of the church will be speedily completed.

Art. III.—1. *Reports upon the Proceedings of the Council of the French* Asiatic Society, from 1840 to 1845.* By Jules Mohl, Assistant Secretary of the Society.

2.—*Prospectus of the Statutes of the German† Society for disseminating Information concerning the East.* By Messrs. Brockhaus, Fleischer, Pott, Rodiger, Seyffarth, and Tuch.

Two French and German productions are here taken as texts for our notice of the valuable volumes published by the English ORIENTAL TRANSLATION COMMITTEE, instead of those volumes themselves, not only as the mere titles of the latter are too numerous for our limits, but because the subjects also of many of them are too abstruse or too dry for our present purpose. At the same time, their important political and social learning, which is the chief point to be examined in this article, has not escaped our guide Dr. Mohl, the able reporter of the French Asiatic Society; whilst the scheme set forth in the statutes of the new German Oriental Society, offers a gratifying tribute to the usefulness of the labours of our Oriental Translation committee.‡

That scheme, to which we shall first allude, embraces the whole of what is aimed at by the English committee, besides the additions of other objects, worthily pursued, but with far too little public encouragement, by the English society. In order to carry out its extensive purpose, it is to take a full and continuous account not only of the ancient but also of the modern state of Asia, and of that of *all parts of the world intimately connected with Asia*. This is to be effected, as is declared in the prospectus of the German statutes, 1st by a museum of natu-

* Journal Asiatique. 8vo. Paris, 1840—1845.

† Entwurf zu den Statuten der Deutschen Gesellschaft für die Kunde des Morgenlandes. 4to. Halle & Leipzig. 1845.

‡ Of sixty-eight translations already published, six are from the Chinese, two from the Japanese, nineteen from the Persian, sixteen from the Arabic, seven from the Sanscrit, six from the Hindustan and other modern Indian languages; two from the Armenian, one from the Hebrew, six from the Turkish, one from the Abyssinian, one from the Syriac, one from the Malay, and one from the Burmese language.

§ The general title of the objects of the German society points only at the East—'Morgenlandes;' and its founders feel the want of a more comprehensive term. So the French *Asiatic* society extends to Africa, contrary to its title. So in the converse case of the distinction between the Christian world, and the rest of mankind, the term *European* includes the Christian Americans. A more correct language will be formed, when more correct ideas of the classification of the human race shall be familiar to us by the adoption of wiser views upon the best means of spreading civilization every where.

ral and artificial oriental productions, and by a collection of printed books and manuscripts; 2nd by publishing, translating, and distributing oriental literature; 3rd, by publishing a journal; 4th by promoting enterprises for the furtherance of the knowledge of the East: and 5thly, by forming connections with societies, and with learned individuals in Germany, and in other countries, having the same objects.

A beginning has been made in two successive years for acting under this comprehensive scheme, by the new form of literary and scientific associations called *Congresses*. The scheme itself probably arose out of the deep interest long felt in Germany before all other countries in oriental literature; and it will be a happy circumstance in the general study of the East, now fast spreading over the whole civilized world, if the Germans shall worthily revive the spirit of Herder, incomparably their greatest writer upon the subject of the fitting application of oriental learning. The Germans, having no direct interest in oriental conquests, or colonial acquisitions, to mislead their judgments, are especially qualified to form impartial opinions upon all oriental and colonial questions; and if they will consult the almost forgotten pages of their Herder* in regard to such questions, they must be listened to with respect.

The reports of Dr. Mohl, delivered for six years consecutively, upon the proceedings of the French Asiatic Society, do justice to all the topics included within the vast range of those proceedings. The French society is remarkable for the success of its oriental *philological* studies. Pursuing them with zeal, and often unavoidably to the exclusion of the matter which the learned prepare for practical application by the statesman to the improvement of human affairs, its political disquisitions have been few and cautious. It has been felt of late, however, that the time is come for using such accumulated stores. Dr. Mohl has expressed this feeling with force, and his remarks respecting us deserve special attention. In the report of 1844, he says:—

‘A surprising activity in favour of oriental studies, prevails throughout the civilized world. But great as that activity is, compared with the proceedings at the commencement of the present century it by no means satisfies the demands of the age in regard to theological, to historical, and to archæological research; and far less

* Herder's philosophy of history was well translated by Thomas Churchill, and two editions of the translation sold forty years ago in London. A new edition of that translation with additional matter, ought to be published now. It is incomparably the best work of thousands, upon the progress of civilization.

the daily, and more urgent calls of international policy, and the claims of civilization. None can be blind to the fact, that the power and the enterprise of Europeans are bearing down all resistance in order to find fields for increasing numbers ; nor be unobservant of the prospect we have of establishing our religion and our science all over the east. But to rule a country wisely, we ought to know it well. Otherwise our new authority becomes a brutal yoke, and must be soon broken asunder. To introduce new ideas with advantage anywhere, the old ones upon which they are to be constructed, must be thoroughly understood. To revive the sciences, we must perceive precisely where they have decayed. These are principles not to be violated without danger ; and no greater act of barbarism can be committed, than to disregard them when the manners of one nation are to be transferred to another nation. Such a mistake was committed when the Sultan attempted to force European usages upon the Turks, in utter ignorance himself of the one, and to the aggravated ruin of the other.'—(*Journal Asiatique*, 1844, p. 62.)

Dr. Mohl, knew well that he might have found illustrations of his judicious remarks nearer home ; for this fatal ignorance is far from being confined to the semi-barbarous governments of the East. It is the great merit of the Oriental Translation Committee to have done so much already to remove it.

After addressing in a simple statement of facts, a justly severe reproach to the British government, and the British universities, for neglecting the languages of the vast regions which the one rules, and for which the other educates crowds of young men independently of the East India Company's colleges ; Dr. Mohl does us the 'justice' as he says, to add, that the British public makes some compensation for this official sin, by supporting learned societies, and buying books of travels. He insists, that sound policy requires the *State* to provide means of familiarity with 'the language, the laws, the history, the civil condition, and the religious faith of the Asiatics, unless we mean to live in perfect hostility with them.' (Ib. 1843, p. 63.)

The Oriental Translation Committee's collection is, however, only one of several formed in the last twenty years, in France, Russia, and in other countries, which are carefully examined in these reports. Such concurrent efforts to enlighten the European public, must tend to realise the hopes of good and wise men, that our progress is not destined to be ever a career of violence ; and it will assist the cause of sober reform, to shew some of the advantages to be obtained in this respect from those efforts. For this purpose we have selected a few historical works from the English collection, without including its poetry, its abstract science, or its theology.

Of these genuine oriental productions, the most interesting

are such as describe the political, and social condition of the natives at the time of the rise of our power in India; for the successful, and truly honourable duration of our rule there, must depend both upon our principles of government being good in themselves, and upon our public acts being in harmony with the feelings and wants of the great body of the people; and a more and more intimate acquaintance with what may be called their political, and social literature, will contribute much towards our forming correct estimates of these feelings and wants.

The particular volumes we have selected as calculated to promote this object, shew the rapid decay of the Great Mogul's enormous empire, a portion of which we have already acquired. They also enable us to trace distinctly the struggles of several states, Mussulman and Hindoo, whose rival attempts to found new dynasties upon the ruins of the Mogul empire, we have stopped throughout the whole of western, southern, and central India; whilst the same books furnish ample explanations of perhaps the chief cause of our Indian successes—a source of good only needing complete development, not only to justify, as well as secure our long possession of that country, but further to lead to an extension of European civilization by our influence throughout the whole of Asia, and to a duration of peaceful improvement unknown in the annals of mankind. This has been nobly proclaimed by the Hindoo, Dwarkananth Tagore, in return for well deserved hospitalities. 'India,' he said, 'had derived the greatest benefit from the British nation. *Their influence had relieved the natives from Mohammedan tyranny.* And they now enjoyed by law the same rights and privileges which Englishmen did in their own country.' Clear accounts of that Mohammedan tyranny, and of the most disastrous anarchy which immediately preceded its extinction in what is now British India, especially if written by eastern pens, well deserve our study.

The works of the class to be now examined, begin with Mir Gholam Hussein Khan's *History of the Mohammedan Power in India*. The first volume, translated by General Briggs, was published in 1832; and the remainder, also translated by him, is announced for early publication. Another English translation of it was produced by an ingenious Frenchman in Calcutta, so long ago as in the time of Warren Hastings. Copies of it are extremely rare, most of the impressions having been lost in the wreck of the ship in which it was dispatched to Europe. A portion of the period, and some of the events comprised in this valuable work, will be illustrated in the Bengali History of

the Raja Krishna Chautra, translated by Mr. Haughton, but not yet published.

The next work is *Meer Hussein Ali Khan Kirmani's History of Hyder Naik*, better known to us as 'Hyder Ally;' translated from the Persian by Colonel Miles, and published in 1842, with the history of Tippoo Saib, Hyder's son, also translated by Colonel Miles, and published in 1844.

These works embrace the greatest part of the eighteenth century; when, after a series of conquests of two thousand years' duration, it was *for the first time made a serious question* how the oppression inflicted upon India by new invaders from Britain, could be stayed.

The Earl of Chatham raised that question many years before it became the subject of grave discussion in Parliament, and ultimately the occasion of the impeachment of Warren Hastings. It was strong public indignation, embodied in words by the Earl of Chatham,* not factious and party 'manœuvres, personal vanity, and fanaticism,'† as asserted, with an extraordinary disregard of historical truth, by Lord Brougham,‡ which produced and pursued that impeachment; and the impeachment itself was a part only of the great moral drama, begun with the public abhorrence of the avarice of Clive, and not yet closed.

Deeply corrupted as the people of India were by ages of tyranny, and by false systems of faith and morals, they were not unobservant of the great attempt to vindicate their national rights; and it may be hoped, that some written records of the feelings excited among the natives on the occasion may be produced by the activity of the Oriental Translation Committee. So collections of private letters, and official reports from *news writers*, and emissaries, much employed in the east, must exist, and ought to be translated for similar purposes.

The very curious Arabic production of the pen of Sheikh Jeen-ad-deen, entitled '*An Offering to Warriors who shall fight in defence of religion against infidels*,' is, in some respects, like these works. It describes the settlement of the Mohammedans

* The Correspondence of the Earl of Chatham, 1759, vol. 1, p. 392; *ib.*, 1767, vol. 2, p. 153; and *ib.*, 1773, vol. 4, pp. 275—284. These passages are too long to be quoted; but they well deserve to be read over and over again by all who would contemplate the dawn of the great struggle for 'a reformation, which, if pursued in a pure spirit of justice, might exalt the nation, and endear the English name throughout the world.'—*ib.*

† The *Fanatics* were Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Wilberforce, and the numerous majority of the House of Commons, which, with the nation at its back, *fanatically*, as Lord Brougham ventures to say, abolished negro-slavery.

‡ Historical Sketches, third series, pp. 199—208; vindication of Marquess of Wellesley.

in Malabar. The translation, by Mr. Rowlandson, was published in 1833.

The small tract, entitled *The Memoirs of a Malayan Family*, published in 1830, from a translation of the late Mr. Marsden, has at present a peculiar interest, in consequence of the extension of our trade and colonization in the Asiatic Islands. This curious portraiture of private life, and of mercantile habits, presents a favourable view of a race whose generally good dispositions have been misrepresented, partly to palliate the misconduct of Europeans, and partly by the mass of the Malays being confounded with the *comparatively* few who are addicted to piracy. The British public is deeply concerned in a correct view being taken of the true character of a people who were enterprising seamen for centuries when our ancestors were themselves barbarians; and who, under the influence of wise policy on our part, will attain any degree of civilization. It requires no extraordinary stretch of fancy to anticipate the time when Borneo and the rich Archipelago, from the Straits of Sunda to New Guinea, may, by that wise policy, cease to be alternately the scenes of murders of Europeans* by the natives, and something very like massacres of natives by Europeans.

The Japanese account of Corea, and of several other islands, translated by Klaproth, with Chinese memoirs upon the pirates among the southern islands of China, gives important details concerning numerous bodies of more or less barbarous people, with whom our trading vessels and our whalers are often in contact under circumstances which urgently call for attention.

Our survey of these few selected volumes will close with some short extracts from the travels of Evliya Effendi, translated from the Turkish by Von Hanmer. It exhibits in a striking light the numerous public establishments for hospitality, education, medical relief, and trade, which existed in Mohammedan countries long before they were extensively introduced into western Europe,—including even Lunatic asylums worth Lord Ashley's notice.

The great oriental works published by the committee, such as the memoirs of the Mogul emperors, and various Arabian histories and travels, along with auto-biographies, and books of eastern legislation, published by the East India Company, and by private persons, fully explain the sources of Mohammedan power in Hindustan; namely, brilliant qualities in a succession of despots commanding the numerous invading armies; and religious fanaticism. The volumes we have selected for notice, sufficiently account for its fall. A cruel system of con-

* See the accounts of the murder of the Honourable Mr. Murray, and of our revenge by Admiral Cochrane, in 1845.

quest generated hatred and unceasing resistance, on the part of the invaded; whilst the extreme corruption, or the extreme weakness of the emperors of the last century, led necessarily to the confusion of which such enemies from without as Nadir-Shah, and such great vassals from within as the viceroys of the Deccan, would naturally take advantage. The rise of the Rohillas, the Mahrattas, the Sikhs, and the two usurpers of Mysore, Hyder and Tippoo, is seen in these volumes to be the simple fruit of ambition, no longer controlled by the sovereigns who had so nearly acquired universal dominion in India, and Central Asia. The Mogul empire must have fallen in the last century, even without the interference of Europeans. A more melancholy picture was never drawn than that in which the corruptions of the court of Ferokhsiar are described by Mir Gholam Hussein Khan. The great officers of the empire who had aided Aurungzebe in his brilliant career, were ungratefully and unwisely neglected, and even persecuted. Mean and corrupt men were raised to power. Enormous cruelties were practised. The most wretched dissensions paralyzed the administration of affairs in all departments. The most miserable distresses afflicted the people. At length the emperor was himself murdered in his own palace.

These events, and the equally important transactions of subsequent reigns, are told with great spirit by Hussein Khan, whose work abounds in anecdote;—and a vein of elevated philosophy may be fairly said to characterize it.

The following story is a companion to the famous case of Lord Russell's father, to whom James II. applied in his distress, in 1688; and whose mild reply that he once had a son who might have served the king, were he still living, was the bitterest of all reproaches.

In the year 1713 the emperor had caused the son of *Assed Khan* to be treacherously strangled.

'The year 1716, which was marked by so many troubles and feuds, became also memorable by the decease of the venerable Assed Khan, that wise pillar of the state, so long prime minister to Aurungzebe. He died after completing the ninety-fifth year of a life full of merit and virtue. He may be said to have been the last member of the ancient nobility, which had conferred so much honour on the empire. He had every quality that can constitute a character equally eminent in public, and amiable in private life; of a placid temper, and of a benignity of disposition so engaging, that to this day his name is affectionately remembered by all who knew him. Long before this venerable man's death, the emperor, whose misfortune it was never to discern real merit, and who now repented of his harshness (in executing the son), endeavoured to make reparation

to that noble family. He sent to Assed Khan, expressing a high opinion of his character, and asking his advice in his own perplexity. The venerable old man, after attentively listening to the message, answered mildly: '*You have committed a very great error. The destiny of my son was fulfilled, and you were yourself under the impulse of fate. But now the day of retribution is at hand; you are full in its way. I much fear, from the general disaffection throughout your kingdom, that ruin sits beneath the columns of the throne of Timur.*'—*Siyar-ul-Mutakherin*, vol. 1, p. 132.

The frequent parallels in this book to examples in our own history, are not its least interesting parts; and they fully justify the remark of the late Dr. Arnold, that the annals of the east and west throw great light on each other. It is much to be wished, that General Briggs, the editor, will soon complete it. His first volume has a few specks, arising from the haste of composition. Its date is the year 1832. Its respectable translator has taken time enough to complete the work; and great as other calls on his attention are, this is one to which he is especially bound to listen. It will at least be an obligation conferred on all who are interested in Indian history, if he would republish the Calcutta translation of 1789, with notes distinguishing exactly the genuine oriental matter from any interpolations of the French translator employed by Hastings.

The biographies of Hyder Ally and Tippoo Saib, the two able men who fought hard for a share of the spoils of the Mogul empire, seem to us to throw much light upon the important point how we crushed our rivals, the French, in India; and then the vigorous rising state of Mysore, under Tippoo. Both successes seem to turn mainly upon our having organised the *Hindoos* as our soldiery. It has been said, with some truth, that the secret of the victorious career of the Arabs for so many centuries, in all quarters, lay in their appealing to the people everywhere against their oppressors,—the nobles and sovereigns of the world. In India we have used the *Hindoos* extensively against their Mohammedan masters. The French, on the contrary, took the part of the Mohammedans; and especially whilst Tippoo Saib was for years pursuing a career of merciless conversion by the sword, the French officers seem to have been his ready instruments in every atrocious act against the *infidels*.

These several volumes throw light upon another very important point not enough examined by writers on India, the extent of voluntary conversion from Hindooism to the faith of Mohammed. Without venturing to decide the point from such materials, we remark that they favour the opinion to which we are inclined, that the voluntary conversions were numerous;

and that they shew the gross impolicy of force in the cause of any religion.

The accounts of the Chinese pirates, and of the uncivilized tribes connected with Japan, translated by the Germans, Neuman and Klaproth, deserve more attention than we can now afford. The former reveals a great danger to the Chinese government; the other shews that the wildest aborigines may be ruled and civilised by kindness and justice.

An extract from the single Malay book, already alluded to, will be usefully introduced by a notice of the important steps taken by the French government in the last few years, to promote the study of the Malay language, and literature. Our direct interest in that study, is beyond all comparison greater than the interest of France in it; and every argument urged successfully by a learned French orientalist, M. Dulaurier, to induce his government to make the inquiries which have now been completed, and to establish the professorship, of which he efficiently discharges the duties, is a tenfold stronger argument for the increase of our efforts in the same direction. Besides our interest as great navigators, great traders, and *new* colonists in the Asiatic Archipelago, the history of its successive systems of civilization, well attested by its literature, its languages, and even by the remains of the ruins of Malay civilization, is recommended by every consideration of rational curiosity; as those ruins of which many may be traced to misguided zeal, form powerful appeals to our philanthropy in favour of the establishment of a wiser system.

Perhaps the most valuable memorials of ancient legislation still remaining in the Malay language, are *the laws of the sea*, of which a new collection has been lately published in Paris, both in the original, and in a French translation. A people, known to be spread over 200 degrees of longitude from Madagascar, west, to beyond Easter Islands eastward; and over 70 degrees of latitude from Siam, and Formosa, north to New Zealand and Tahiti, south,—a race of traders and warriors devoted to maritime adventure, as well as acquainted with letters, and with laws beyond all recorded time,—a race too, which the Phœnicians knew—must have been long familiar with the legislation best suited to seamen; and it is among this race that we, another sea-faring people of far greater pretensions, and perhaps for a nobler end, are planting ourselves with irresistible power.

The Malays are, therefore, well worth studying deeply. Rich in spices, in tin and gold, and in precious stones, their islands are richer still in facilities for navigation. Their maritime codes are clearly derived in great part from a period far antecedent to the Hindoo and Mohammedan invasions of those

islands; but these codes are also partially composed from later legislations and usages. The *piracies*, so commonly looked upon as the natural, and general characteristics of the Malay race, are but exceptions in their social existence, and the results of the decline of its old civilization.

The proceedings of the French in this field, amply justify the sanguine expectations and admirable efforts of Mr. Marsden, and Dr. Leyden, and above all of Sir Stamford Raffles, who, in making the best possible use of the best opportunities, proved that a colonial governor may discharge every duty of routine admirably, and at the same time cultivate with effect all branches of science. His example might relieve us from a reproach which has but too justly been addressed by a competent judge, to our Indian government, on this topic of the oriental languages.*

Sir Stamford Raffles, published a part of this maritime code, which M. Pardessus, and M. Dulaurier, have enlarged. The following specimens of it from the new French work, will support our strong opinion, that it ought to appear immediately in English and Malay, in a popular form for the use of our seamen in the eastern seas. Our missionaries can contribute to the improvement of such a volume; and the immense stores of Malay and Javanese MSS. in our collections in London, so well used by the French, would enable us to produce something of the greatest value in this way.

These codes as now published in Paris, are partly the materials which Sir Stamford Raffles used for his summary of Malay sea laws; partly new matter obtained from our missionaries, and from the Dutch. Of the historical importance of these codes, M. Pardessus says everything in the remark, that they may be traced to at least the thirteenth century, 'a period when the most powerful maritime states of Europe, were governed by customs, vaguely known, and not then written at all.'†

In the preface of the very learned author of this great work, on marine laws—a branch of legislation so important to us—he complains of a want of courtesy on the part of individuals in London, and Singapore, from whom he could not get even answers to his reiterated letters on the subject. His own in-

* We quote this reproach in its original text for very shame: 'La Société de Calcutta continue ses travaux. Elle a été pendant long-temps seule dans l'Inde à défendre les intérêts de la science contre l'indifférence des gouverneurs généraux, préoccupés de soins plus pressants, et aveuglés par le désir de substituer l'Anglais, comme langue savante, aux anciennes langues du pays. Annual Report of the French Asiatic Society, by Dr. Mohl. 1845, p. 15.

† Collection de Lois Maritimes. Paris, 4to. 1845. Tom. 6, p. 376.

dust, and the perseverance and activity of M. Dulaurier, now Malay professor in Paris, at length enabled M. Pardessus, to publish in 1845, at the government press, what he endeavoured in vain to procure in the rich English collections, so early as 1832. One eminent individual, whom M. Pardessus accuses by name, of indifference at least to his requests, is so remarkable for more than urbanity in all matters, and the *Translation Committee*, of which that individual is a respected and distinguished member, has during the last twelve years, been pursuing a course of such rare and confidential intercourse with Paris in oriental studies, that it is probable some mistake exists in the case. But a mistake, which places eminent men ill with each other, in a work destined like M. Pardessus's, to last as long as ships sail in the ocean, should be rectified.

' Seeing that these maritime laws contain many injunctions which differ from those of the Coran, we begin by encouraging the servants of God, and by calming their consciences when they obey them at sea. This we do to secure respect to the authority of the ancient usages composing these laws. None must discuss, or dispute them; nor do violence to their shipmates in defiance of them.

' These laws were collected from the mouths of old men, when the kingdom of Malacca flourished under Mahmoud-schah. When collected, they were approved by the old captains; and so have descended to us.

' The object of these laws is to prevent disputes and quarrels on board; to put a stop to violence and arbitrary conduct; and to guard the people on board against misfortunes.

CVIII.—The sailing master is bound to be acquainted with lands, and seas, with breakers and currents, with the changes of the moon and the stars, with the seasons and monsoons, with bays and coasts, with capes, islands, coral reefs, desert places, mountains, and even hills.

' CXV.—If one of the crew draws his dagger, and pursues another in a quarrel aft beyond the mast, he may be put to death; but if he can be made prisoner, he shall be fined five pieces.

' CXVIII.—This code was framed by Haroun and Elias, by Captain Djenal, Captain Boury, and Captain Ishah; who deliberated upon it with all the captains. After their sittings were closed, they were introduced to the kings, who formally granted their collection as laws, and constituted the captains to be 'Rajahs of the sea;' and three of them were to form a tribunal.

THE CODE OF MALACCA, P. 48.—Whoever fixes a mirror so as to see the captain's wife, shall receive seven blows, and be fined a piece of gold.

' If one of the crew is fishing forward, and his hook floats under the ship aft, so as to let another seize hold of it, and the owner

thinks he has caught a fish ; but the person aft pulls the hook, and is hurt, he or she shall be at the disposal of the owner.

‘ If necessity requires the service of *all* the crew at the pumps, every officer, and other person on board, is bound to join.

‘ When a ship arrives at a port, the captains must ask the Schahbänder, to grant leave to trade, paying all customs ; and he must submit his cargo to the weight and measures of the port.

‘ ‘ Whatever is found at sea, shall be divided into four parts, of which the captain shall have three, and the crew one.

‘ If the finder of any thing belong to the captain, his share shall depend on the captain’s discretion, i.e., in case any of the crew has found any thing when going ashore for wood, or water ; for he is then under orders. Otherwise the thing found must be divided into three portions, of which the finder shall have one, and the captain two. If the finder is a debtor of the captain, he shall have half. If a passenger find any thing, it shall be divided between him and the captain.

‘ If shipwrecked men are rescued from their danger, and offer themselves as slaves to the captain who saves them, they may be sold by the authorities at the first port reached. But one half only of their value shall be given to the captain. They shall keep the other half. No attention shall be paid to the offer made by the men when in danger of their lives.

Cap. XIV.— ‘ When the crew and two officers called the djouromonde, and djourobaton, are unanimous against the opinion of the captain, on any matter, they shall prevail against him.’

Such laws as these do not indicate a mere population of pirates ; and the selections from them do Sir S. Raffles, and the Singapore press, much credit, but, we repeat, they ought to be published as completely as possible.

We cannot close this meagre notice of a great collection without adding a few words of respect for the memory, and of deep regret for the untimely and unhappy death of the individual to whom principally the Oriental Translation Committee owed its origin, and much of its usefulness—we mean the late Earl of Munster. Overcoming, by the efforts of a vigorous understanding, and by great diligence, the defects of a mere military education, and turning his service in India from a scene of military rustication ‘ to one of enlightened research and of honourable ambition,’ he placed himself at the head of a body of men, whose labours we have endeavoured to describe. By his successful efforts to promote those labours, his name is one for ever connected with all that is most hopeful in Anglo-Indian story. Men more learned and more experienced than himself, supported the Earl

of Munster in his endeavours to enlighten Europe by facilitating the study of oriental letters; but none surpassed him in zeal, or in the happy art of calling forth from all quarters the talents which are powerless, if chilled by neglect, but which prudent encouragement easily guides and strengthens. It was not permitted him to do much for good government in the East itself, but besides the great preparations made for that object, in this remarkable encouragement of the literature of the east among ourselves, we have reason to know, that his Lordship meditated giving back to India, with ample interest, all the benefits which we have gained from thence. He only wanted in an high employment in India, the means of promoting publications of the highest utility in the languages of the country. Among these the first would have been a complete encyclopædia of European knowledge, which would have familiarized the studious and the active with the theory of our practical arts,* in addition to the best courses of literature, and abstract science. He had also carried very far an extensive inquiry, which ran through the whole of Asiatic history; namely, an inquiry into the art of war through a succession of ages, calculated to attract eager readers of all ranks, and capable of being turned to an

* How much *practical* elementary instruction such as much of what Lord Munster contemplated, is needed in British India, at a time when railroads are planned in every direction there, is obvious from the following remarks, lately published in a letter from Calcutta:—‘The great Government examination has been held in Calcutta, and the students and aspirants for honours have passed their ordeals in Locke, Milton, Bacon, Shakspeare, and Whewell, and in the more abstruse discussions of natural philosophy and the like. I would rather see classes for practical information, than for the most brilliant acquaintance with mere literature or mere philosophy. The educated are principally Hindoos, and the study of English literature alone will not turn their minds to active pursuits, but rather, still more induce, as the Sanscrit has done for centuries, those habits of seclusion and study which have kept them as a body from any active participation in or improvement of the affairs of life. I believe them to have as keen, discriminating, intelligent minds as Europeans, but this keenness and intelligence requires to be directed to practical results ere they can rise or be of use. I would fain see civil engineering, ship-building, mining, and the theory and practice of machine-making, (all of which can be learned as easily as Locke and Bacon) drawing and painting, introduced gradually and practically; they cannot but turn to good account. Railways will require under engineers, and I conclude natives could rise as engineers as they are rising as medical men, deputy collectors, and the like. I want to see an education given which shall enable them to turn their own natural talents to account, without official employment, without that absolute dependance on Government for advancement, which appears to be the highest aim at present of ‘Young India,’ and than which nothing can be more depressing. *I hope some of the essays, or remarks upon, or answers to questions given in the examination, will be published. However imperfect, they will at least be curious and interesting, and will deserve more than a passing notice from the press.*’—*Times*, December 6th, 1845.

excellent moral account. The value of what the Earl of Munster really did is a fair measure of what he would probably have accomplished, had his life been spared; and his example should excite those who enjoy better opportunities not to neglect them.

Art. V.—*Sketches from Life, by the late Laman Blanchard; with a Memoir of the Author.* By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. 3 vols. London: Colburn, 1846.

THERE is much in the career of the literary man in the present day, to awaken deep and melancholy reflection. This remark may appear strange to those of our readers, who are acquainted only with the few instances of excessive remuneration, which have been so ostentatiously paraded by the advocates of 'cheap literature;' but those who are more in contact with the literary world at large, will allow its severe correctness.

It is true, that the man of letters in the present day is no longer subjected to the neglect—even to the scorn, which the writer of the last century, until he had achieved a standing among the scholarship of the land, had often to endure. It is true, 'the sharper trials of pecuniary circumstance,' the severer privations of those days, are less common; the garret is not now pointed to as the appropriate domicile of the young poet, nor need the rising scholar thankfully receive a dinner, perhaps even a cast-off suit from his bookselling Mæcenæ. But, although the station of the man of letters is, by common assent, placed rather higher, and such severe struggles for a mere existence, as those which Chatterton sunk under, but which Johnson triumphantly surmounted, can scarcely occur in the present day, we doubt greatly, whether on the whole his lot is so fortunate.

In past times, the literary aspirant, had indeed to live hard, in the earlier stage of his career; but then he had time allowed him to study hard, and the benefit of this, can never be lightly estimated by any one who has witnessed that 'making of bricks without straw,' which is the miserable resource of so many young writers who are compelled by a transient popularity, to pluck the half-formed buds, which time might have ripened into goodly fruitage. The rewards of literary toil too, in a past age, although tardy, were tolerably sure. The career of the writers of the last two centuries, it has often struck us, as not unlike that pointed out to the master Goodchilds of their era, in the emphatic frontispieces of their school books. Here is the young pilgrim toiling up 'virtue's steep sublime,' encountering indeed, many obstacles in his way, but still there is the sunny mountain

top, standing out clear in the distance, and there is the smiling goddess, and the victor wreath.

Alas! for the writer of the present day. The goddess, and the wreath may appear but as just awaiting his approach; but onward and onward he toils, and still like the vanishing glories of the rainbow, the prize, apparently within his grasp, recedes as he draws nigh. He gains a small 'present payment' of money, and fame, but it is at the expense of the final settlement; he is cheered onward by the voices of a few, but he loses the loud acclamation that should welcome his finished career. As Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton forcibly remarks, 'in England, in the present day, the author who would live on his works, can live only by the public; in other words, by the desultory readers of light literature, and hence, the inevitable tendency of our literary youth is towards the composition of works, without learning and forethought. Leisure is impossible to him who must meet the exigencies of the day; much information of a refining and original kind is not for the multitude.' We may add there is that perpetual seeking after variety, or after that, which if not new, must be tricked up in a new form, and adapted to address itself to the fleeting fancies of the day. How injurious is all this, not merely to habits of close and long-continued attention, without which a writer can never hope to rise above the standard of a mere graceful trifler, but to the physical, no less than to the mental constitution. Then too, there is a certain amount of work to be done—done in a given time; and the writer, even if on his sick bed, must be roused up to his task, for 'the public' is a despotic tyrant, and will not be balked of its expected amusement, even for a day.

This toil, this stern task-work, may be continued for years,—even more than twenty years,—and of this sad picture of 'hope deferred,' the writer of the volumes before us affords a melancholy illustration,—and all the while the man has, indeed, been just gaining a livelihood, but nothing more. He now finds, when health is failing, and premature old age creeping on, that the prize for which he has so long struggled is as far as ever from his grasp,—perhaps farther still,—for the long-jaded mind has lost its freshness, without having had leisure to increase its scope and power; and the scanty stock with which his career commenced is now wholly used up. But still he must go on;—not to fulfil the high aspirations of his youth,—for these pleasant dreams of 'some work which the world will not willingly let die,' have long passed away—but for bread, mere bread, still working the subtle machinery of the mind, as the famished weaver plies the worn-out loom, and alas! with the same feeling of hopeless drudgery.

But this cannot last ; the subtle machinery will go on no longer, the slave of the pen drops, and insanity, or death, is his sole reward, with, perhaps, a charitable pittance collected for the family.

The graceful memoir of the late Laman Blanchard by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, prefixed to these volumes, supplies a forcible illustration of these remarks. In early youth, and fresh from the commendations of his instructors, the young aspirant doubted not that he should attain a high place in the literary world. But, unfortunately, when he found that the circumstances of his family would not allow him to pursue the calling on which his mind was set ; and that he was 'transferred to the drudgery of a desk in the office of Mr. Charles Pearson, a proctor in Doctors' Commons,' he quitted his employer and his father's roof to take up the certainly far inferior calling of a strolling player.

There is, we think, more of the fine gentleman, than of the sound thinker, in Sir E. Lytton's lamentation over the 'drudgery' to which young Blanchard was doomed. The muse who visited Burns at the plough, and Ebenezer Elliot at the loom, would not have denied her visits to the desk in Doctors' Commons ; and had the young writer endured that discipline, we have little doubt that his mental, no less than his moral, powers, would have been greatly invigorated. It is a wholesome task for the young literary aspirant to contemplate the difficulties, the annoyances, and the disappointments, through which nearly all our great writers have passed. How few have enjoyed that much talked-of boon, — 'learned leisure ;' — how few have been perfectly free to follow the bent of their genius. Spenser, Milton, Lord Bacon, — not to instance a score beside, — how were they trammelled, not with the mere dull routine task-work of the copying clerk, but with important and laborious official duties.

Young Blanchard, disappointed in his application to the manager of a London theatre, engaged himself to one at Margate ; but, 'a week was sufficient to disgust him with the beggary and drudgery of the country player's life,' and he came back on foot with his last shilling in his pocket. His next attempt for a livelihood was more respectable ; he became reader in a printing-office. His occasional contributions to periodicals, whilst here, seem, however, to have encouraged him to depend on literature for subsistence ; and, consequently, soon after the age of twenty, throwing himself on periodical writing as his only resource.

His articles in the annuals, in the 'Monthly Magazine,' to which for sometime he was sub-editor, and a subordinate place that he occupied in the staff of 'True Sun' newspaper, introduced him to the notice of the literary world ; and as 'his

practice in periodical writing became considerable, and his versatility was extreme, he was marked by publishers and editors as a useful contributor. His biographer remarks:—

‘The man of letters then was living on his calling; his brain ever active—his time wholly occupied. But was he contented, and was it for this that his boyish ambition had been trained, that his imagination had been cultivated, and his mind been stored? Was he fulfilling the promise of his youth, or realising the dreams for which he had deserted the proctor’s desk? Editing *Monthlies* and *Belle Assemblées*—at stern task-work on *True Suns* and *Constitutionals*—was he nearer to or further from the goal, the hopes of which had first incited him to the race? We may venture upon the answer. His mind was less contented with its lot than resigned to its necessities. In 1828, when he was but twenty-five years old, Laman Blanchard had published a small volume of poems, called *Lyric Offerings*. In the year 1832, the writer of this slight Memoir became personally acquainted with the poet, and received from him a copy of these effusions. I was then conducting the *New Monthly Magazine*, and I was so delighted with the promise of these poems, that I reviewed them in terms of praise, which maturer reflection does not induce me to qualify.’

‘My criticism drew from the author a letter, in which he laid bare much of his secret ambition. ‘I look forward (it said) to some day, which the nature of my inevitable pursuits must render distant, when I may realise the dreams I cherished when my little volume was written, and escape from the hurried compositions intended for the day, into what I may call my inner self, and there meditate something that may verify your belief in the *promise* of my early efforts.’ ’
—Vol. i., p. xix., xxii.

Soon after this Mr. Blanchard was engaged in the editorship of the ‘*Courier*,’ but a change in the politics and proprietorship of the *Journal* compelled his retirement.

‘His services to the Whigs, then in office, had been sufficient to justify a strong appeal in his behalf for some small appointment. The appeal, though urged with all zeal by one who had himself some claims on the government, was unsuccessful. The fact really is, that governments, at present, have little among their subordinate patronage, to bestow upon men whose abilities are not devoted to a profession. The man of letters is like a stray joint in a boy’s puzzle; he fits into no place. Let the partisan but have taken orders—let him but have eaten a sufficient number of dinners at the inns of court—and livings, and chapels, and stalls, and assistant-barristerships, and commissionerships, and colonial appointments, can reward his services and prevent his starving. But for the author there is nothing but his pen, till that and life are worn to the stump: and then, with good fortune, perhaps on his death-bed he receives a pension—and equals, it may be, for a few months, the income of a retired butler!’

'And so, on the sudden loss of the situation in which he had frittered away his higher and more delicate genius, in all the drudgery that a party exacts from its defender of the press, Laman Blanchard was thrown again upon the world, to shift as he might and subsist as he could.'—*Ib.*, p. xxiv.

From this period, contributions to the 'New Monthly Magazine' and to 'Ainsworth's Magazine,' together with a situation 'connected with the 'Examiner,' supplied him with the means of support; and thus he contrived, by constant waste of intellect and strength, to eke out his income, and insinuate, rather than force, his place amongst his contemporary penmen.'

'And uncomplainingly, and with patient industry, he toiled on, seeming farther and farther off from the happy leisure, in which 'the something to verify promise was to be completed.'

'No time had he for profound reading, for lengthened works, for the mature development of the conceptions of a charming fancy. He had given hostages to Fortune. He had a wife and four children, and no income but that which he made from week to week. The grist must be ground, and the wheel revolve.

'All the struggles, all the toils, all the weariness of brain, nerve, and head, which a man undergoes in this career, are imperceptible even to his friends—almost to himself; he has no time to be ill, to be fatigued; his spirit has no holiday; it is all school-work. And thus generally, we find in such men that the break-up of the constitution seems sudden and unlooked for. The causes of disease and decay have been long laid; but they are smothered beneath the lively appearances of constrained industry and forced excitement.

'Laman Blanchard was now past forty. He had been twenty-two years at his vocation; it was evident that a man of letters he must continue to the last. At this time, in February, 1844, his wife,—to whom he remained as tenderly attached as ever, was seized with an attack of paralysis (her illness terminating fatally); was constantly subject to fits, and the mind was weakened with the body. A disease of this kind has something contagious for susceptible temperaments; they grow excitable in the excitement they seek to soothe. Those who saw most of my poor friend began to perceive that a change was at work within him. Naturally of the most cheerful habits, especially with those who knew him best, his spirits now failed him, and were subject to deep depression. His friends, on calling suddenly at his house, have found him giving way to tears and vehement grief, without apparent cause. In mixed society he would strive to rally—sometimes with success—sometimes utterly in vain. He has been obliged to quit the room, to give way to emotions which seemed to rise spontaneously, unexcited by what passed around him, except as it jarred, undetected by others, upon the irritable chords within. In short, the nerves, so long overtasked, were giving way. In the long and gallant struggle with circumstances, the work of toil told when the hour of grief came.

‘Still, to the public, he wore the mask—which authors wear unto the grave. Still were his writings as full of pleasant amenity, and quiet and ready grace. Still, for the lovers of light literature, the bloom was as fresh as ever upon the fruits of his jaded fancy and grieving heart.’—*Ib.* p. xxiv.—xxvi.

But this could not last long. His brain became seriously affected, and the day before his wife's death he was attacked by what he feared was a stroke of paralysis, but which arose from congestion of that organ. Still he attempted to toil on, and was even endeavouring to plan new work for himself, although his nervous affection now attacked his sight.

At length violent hysterics came on, which left him in a state of extreme exhaustion.

‘Towards night he thought that he could sleep. He dismissed his family to bed, and bade them affectionately good night. A kind-hearted woman, who had attended Mrs. Blanchard on her last illness, now officiated as nurse to himself. He requested her to remain in the next room, within hearing of his knock on the wall, if he should want her. His youngest boy, since his illness, had slept constantly with him. The nurse had not retired five minutes before she heard his signal. On going to him, he said, ‘You had better not leave me; I feel a strong desire to throw myself out of the window.’ The poor woman, who had rather consulted her heart than her experience in the office she had undertaken, lost her presence of mind in the alarm which these words occasioned; she hurried out of the room, in order to call up the eldest son. She had scarcely reached the staircase, when she heard a shriek and a heavy fall. Hastening back, she found her master on the floor bathed in blood. In the interval between her quitting the room and her return (scarce a minute) the unhappy sufferer, who had in vain sought a protection against his own delirious impulse, had sprung from his bed, wrested himself from the grasp of his child beside him . . . in the almost total darkness of the room, found his way, with the sleepwalker's or maniac's instinct, to his razor, and was dead when the nurse raised him in her arms. This occurred about one o'clock on the Saturday morning, the 15th of February.

‘Thus, at the early age of forty-one, broken in mind and body, perished this industrious, versatile, and distinguished man of letters. And if excuse be needful for dwelling so long upon details of a painful nature, it may be found in the deep interest which science takes in the pathology of such sufferers, and in the warnings they may suggest to the labourers of the brain, when the first ominous symptoms of over-toil come on, and while yet repose is not prescribed too late.’—*Ib.* p. xxxiii.—xxxv.

The essays contained in these volumes, and which have been collected chiefly from the ‘New Monthly’ and ‘Ainsworth's

Magazine,' exhibit much pleasing writing. The 'extreme facility,' which his biographer remarks upon, renders them amusing reading, and the thoughts and views, although rarely deep, or original,—indeed, how can the magazine writer in the present day be so?—are marked by much delicacy of taste, graceful humour, and correct feeling.

From the essay entitled 'The Eccentricities of Affectation,' we extract the following passage,—the whole, indeed, is worthy of notice, both for the healthful taste and the sound feeling that pervade it; and it renews our regret that a writer who, had his mind been allowed 'fair play,' would undoubtedly have stood high among our essayists, should have been compelled by the exigencies of his circumstances to write too rapidly.

'The affectation of the unintellectual is as marked, as the pretended lack of moral warmth when there is a good blazing fire within. Observe, for instance, what is so frequently to be seen—that pretended indifference to the beautiful, which, if real, would denote a nature 'without form, and void,' with darkness ever growing thicker upon the face of it. There are plenty of good worldly reasons, grounded upon self-interest, personal vanity, or the desire of pleasing even, for exclaiming aloud, 'How beautiful!' at sight of some object of art, or some combination of the forms of nature, which nevertheless produces no corresponding emotion in the spectator. For playing the hypocrite, by affecting admiration, every hour brings with it some inducement; but is it not strange, that anybody born in a steady, respectable planet, and not in a comet, should ever have been tempted to affect an insensibility to the profound and fascinating influences of beauty!—should pretend to be so very much lower than the angels as to see nothing angelic anywhere?

'Nothing is more natural than that a foolish heavy-eyed plodder among pictures should affect to fall into raptures about Raphael, and boast of a capacity to appreciate all his divine doings. But nothing surely is more unnatural than the affectation of not perceiving anything remarkable in the Cartoons; than the affectation of a want of eye-sight, a want of interest, a want of soul, which if real would be a monstrous and most pitiable defect.

'We know well enough, why, in rambles under summer hedges and along garden-walks, the prettiest 'sentimentalities' are uttered about flowers by persons who have no real taste for those perfumed delicacies; but we do not know so well what people mean by affecting a fine disdain, turning up their noses filled with fragrance, and protesting 'that they can't bear flowers.' Yet we witness both spectacles.

'To do at Rome as the English do, when they go there—see all that is to be seen—denotes, at any rate, a laudable curiosity, and a degree of interest which is rather better than the total absence of it; but on the other hand, what a profound affectation of indifference to grandeur and beauty, of insensibility to the charm which thousands,

though not sensibly touched, have yet the grace to pretend to be enslaved by, is conveyed in the answer of the elegant tourist to the inquiry—

‘Did you visit Rome?’

‘I think we stopped there to change horses!’

‘Equally deep and exquisite was the affectation of a certain scholar, learned in all languages, who was for the space of a minute in some doubt whether he had ever read a tragedy, entitled ‘Macbeth.’

‘Yes, I think I did read it once—I believe I considered its merits to be over-estimated. Yes, I remember it now very well.’

‘This pretence to a bad memory ranks of course, under some circumstances, among the more reasonable make-believes; it may be convenient to forget; but it must be included in our category of absurdities, because practised often when it would be more rational to remember. Somebody is questioned about an affair familiar to him as his name—he can recollect nothing—it is all a blank. He thinks it looks large-minded to forget, and assures you with a simper that he has a shocking memory.

‘Charles Lamb, in one of his admirable letters to Manning when in China, supposes his friend’s memory to be weakened by distance; and accordingly, to the information that ‘So-and-so is gone to France,’ adds, ‘*You remember France?*’ Some people would have face enough to affect to forget it, if they fancied this would add to the dignity of their littleness, or render their ignorance more impressive.’—ib. p. 165—167.

The longest article in these volumes is ‘Confessions of a Key-hole,’ a series of short stories and scenes. The idea is good, and it is well worked out; there is much severe truth in the exhibition of the various characters in their out-door and in their truer in-door, garb. But the forte of this unfortunate writer is, after all, the humorous, and as an excellent specimen we quote part of the paper entitled ‘Young England,’ the truth of which we think our ‘Mamma’ readers will recognize.

‘Of Young Germany we are heartily weary, and with Young France we are horribly stunned. Of the one we have had quite enough, of the other a little too much.

‘Let the first of these juveniles continue to wrap himself sublimely and mysteriously in alternate revelry and devilry, and find reason, as well as rhyme, in thinking deep and drinking deep. Let the second still rail and rattle on, equally in his own way; gnashing his teeth while he hums an opera air, profoundly bowing where he longs for a bayonet charge, and eating his own heart in sheer excitement as he fattens upon his frogs.

‘All the young blood of the earth belongs not to them.

‘Of the disposition and dimensions of Young England, however, one has a rather more distinct and definite idea; and at this very moment, not for once so ill-timed and intolerable, the united voices

of those sons of freedom, my landlady's nine lively, spirited, frolicsome, delightful little darlings, convey to my mind the most animated sense of his identity.

'Yes, it is Young England, in his habit as he squalls! As he squalls, falls, calls, and bawls; as he laughs, bellows, shrieks, and squeaks; as he stamps, tumbles, jumps, crashes, and smashes; plying, vigorously and simultaneously, his lungs, heels, toes, and hands; as he clatters at the window, kicks at the door, knocks over the inkstand, tugs off the tablecloth, sweeps down swarms of glasses, breaks headlong through ceilings, tramples on tender toes, pokes out eyes with toasting-forks, flattens noses with family bibles, chokes himself with sixpences, weakly and absurdly presented to the little monster as bribes for quietness; hides in a sly corner some small article of indispensable necessity to his doting attendant; drops out of the window the very thing of all others he was told never to touch; makes his sisters' lives miserable; fills his papa's mind with sad apprehensions for the future almosts breaks his poor mamma's heart once every day; and is, now and always, the sweetest, dearest, most delightful, charming little duck of a child; a darling little love of an angel, sentenced to be affectionately eaten up at least once an hour, and to have a piece rapturously bitten out of his rosy, round cheek, every five minutes; the pride of its father's soul, and the joy of its mother's fond and nurturing breast; a pretty cherub, a love-bird, and a poppet; lastly, in the expressive language of the nursery, which no language beside has endearing epithets to equal, a ducky-diddly!

'Yes, this must be Young England! Young England all the land over.

'Hark!—but that is of no use; there is too much noise to admit of listening: and yet, how marvellously the accustomed ear discriminates, and detects the various sounds blended in the hubbub. One of the Young English is on a rocking-horse, and one is blessed with a drum, which must certainly be of orchestral proportions; one is, beyond question, spinning his top; and another is, past all doubt, crying out lustily for it. Most distinctly can the experienced sense discover a young lady, with anything but slippers on, practising her skipping-rope; and as clearly may be heard, amidst the exquisite and perfect confusion, the sharp, shrill, continual notes of two undeafened attendants of the softer sex, engaged in an interminable duet, of which the first part says, 'What a naughty boy!' and the second, 'You little darling!'

'Yes, and now, audibly in the midst of the wild dissonance and uproar, I can catch the mild, pleasing, affectionate twang of the maternal voice; the fond accents of my landlady herself, like the sea-music of the note of Mother Carey calling to her pretty chickens in the storm. What does she say?

'Ah, my sweet babes, so you are all merry-making together; I thought, as I came upstairs, I could *hear your voices!*' Dear young middle aged lady! It was only a mother; and a fond one, too; who could have said that. She could just hear her cherubs fluttering

their tiny wings, as she came up! What fine ears a mother's heart has.

'Smash, crash! That was a sound of glass. Master Tom, the top-spinner, has had a mull; and the top itself has flown through a large pane into the street, falling with destructive force upon the large family-pie which the baker, board on head, was just bringing to the door. And now, what a shout lifts up the roof of the house! what peals of ecstasy celebrate the exploit! But the soft voice of my landlady is not quite drowned either:

'My darling boy,' it says, 'what charming spirits you have! but don't break the windows, in case the draught should give you cold.'

'If young England in general should, in the slightest degree, resemble my landlady's lot in particular, why then I wish the Prince of Wales joy of his future subjects. They will be sure to make a noise in the world; and whoever may be the minister that shall have their 'voices' in his favour, he will be stunned—that's all!'—Vol. ii. pp. 386—396.

As we close these volumes, the melancholy thought arises, how many young writers may there be at this moment who have entered on the career of poor Laman Blanchard, and whose fate may be scarcely less mournful. The busy, driving, anxious spirit of the present day has insinuated itself far too much into the walks of literature; and hasty production is demanded of the mind, as well as of the hands. In this state of things we may look back with regret on those more quiet times when the scholar was allowed years to produce some great work; and when he set about his task—and it was a pleasant one—with a sober earnestness, and proceeded in it with an assured hope that his work would reward his pains. Strange it seems to us, when turning to the biographies of the illustrious scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to find that those great men who ransacked whole libraries, and almost half filled them, studied many more hours daily, than the desultory writers of modern days, and yet *they* numbered their threescore and ten, even their fourscore years, while our contemporaries are dropping around us before they have numbered even fifty.

The causes we have already noticed must certainly be taken into account here, but we think, in addition to these, another may be found, in the absence of periods of strict relaxation. This phrase is, we allow, almost an Irishism; but it best embodies our meaning. Periods of relaxation occur, indeed, to every literary man, but he is indisposed to enjoy them, or he is haunted by the remembrance of the work which *must* be finished by a given time, or deterred by the expense which that relaxation may involve. Now what is the remedy save that which has been so mercifully appointed,—the keeping of the Sabbath.

The illustrious scholars to whom we have just referred, belonging to an age in which religion received, at least, an *outward* homage, were secure of those regularly recurring periods of relaxation, in which they were compelled to relinquish their studies. The mere *repose* of the Sabbath may, indeed, be physically beneficial to the mass, although they forget in their Sunday rambles their loftiest duty, that of worshipping their Maker. But for the toil-worn, perhaps, care-worn, man of letters, what will the mere Sunday holiday do? He may wander in the pleasant fields, he may enjoy the fresh breezes from the river, but amid all, the mind *will* recur to its unfinished task, and the pages, still to be written, will float in between him and the loveliest prospect. But let him be bound to the keeping of the Sabbath by the strong tie of religious affection, and then, however pressed for time, however imperative the task, he will rejoice in an institute which affords appropriate opportunity by addressing himself to higher and better themes.

And who, save a writer, pressed with literary toil through the week, can tell the large, the abundant, reward bestowed, when, after availing himself of the Sabbath's repose, he again resumes his labour with a vigour and a freshness at which he himself wonders. In the keeping of *this* commandment, alas! so fearfully neglected by the mass of our literary men, there is emphatically a present reward. It has been our sad lot to witness more than one instance of the literary man prematurely worn out by continued literary toil; men whom 'methodism,' or 'chapel-going,' might have saved. Would that the rising writers of our day—a day of such fierce and eager competition in literature, as in all other things—would at least take example from our great scholars of a past age in the keeping of the Sabbath. They would thus secure that blessing which alone can render the most earnest exertions successful, and they might trust that He, who hath promised length of days to the righteous, would also bestow an honourable, and a happy old age.

Art. VI.—*The Book of Twelve Minor Prophets translated from the original Hebrew: with a Commentary, Critical, Philological, and Exegetical.* By E. Henderson, D.D. 8vo. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

It is a wise maxim—*In all reasonings settle principles as starting-points before you begin the race.*—No superstructure, however fine, can be safe without an adequate foundation; hence many elaborate specimens of ratiocination break down, or fail of producing conviction, because they ultimately rest on principles which the hearer or reader disputes or doubts. The labour is thrown away, if the work is not built upon a rock. We must, therefore, go back with every opponent to some common ground; and many controversies would be settled, if the preliminaries were more closely examined, and not a step taken in advance till the *terminus* had been fixed.

There is no controversy in which this rule is so important as that between the Romanist and the Protestant; and certainly none in which it has been so much evaded. Could attention, in the first instance, be confined to it, many a bewildered spirit would see its way to an oracle, and would hear no uncertain sound. The wanderers in deserts and in dens would stand each upon his pinnacle of light, and exultingly exclaim—‘Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler.’

Religion is one of the most urgent of human wants. Men are willing to pay such a price for it, and are such bad judges of the commodity, that in their haste to possess it, or at least to think so, they have failed to test it; and consequently have in all ages been dupes of imposture. Now religion, to possess any power to impart consolation, must show itself to be divine. No man can put any hearty confidence in a religion that is obviously human in its invention, or that mystifies and conceals its real origin. Every man has a right, nay, it is every man's duty, to examine carefully and scrupulously the question ‘Is this doctrine from heaven or of men?’ It is a question that ought to be first settled. The belief that the world is in possession of a divine revelation must precede all discussions respecting its import. Its authority cannot be made available until it has been established. But supposing the conviction of its authority once produced by an appeal to adequate evidence, and the book of revelation opened to our understandings, or our understandings to its dictates, we then possess a clear and immutable foundation for what is called *personal religion*, and for every other form or relation which religion can assume. This is its only genuine

and living root; the only heavenly plant that will thrive and shed its fruit in our hearts, and every other plant must be rooted up.

It is as disastrous as strange that attempts should have been so long and so extensively made to graft religion on another stock, surely a wild one. Yet so it has been, and so it is still. Reason and common sense are outraged by what is done in the name of revealed religion—not by religion itself, but by its pretended administrators. Throughout the greatest part both of Christendom and the Christian era a foundation demonstrably false has been introduced, not simply to the neglect, but to the modification, of the only true and sufficient one. It might be asked then—does any sect or church called *Christian* allege any other than a divine foundation, or start from any other point than revelation? We say, no; but what is conceded at the first stage is denied at the next.

A Roman Catholic teacher, if called to reason with a sceptic, would, no doubt, first endeavour to establish the proposition that a divine revelation exists, and that he can produce documents which can be historically shown to possess the *ipsissima verba* of inspiration; and supposing him to have wrought that conviction in the mind of the sceptic, he would then resolutely refuse him the privilege of receiving that divine teaching directly from its own documents. He would interpose a human oracle, through which alone the divine instruction is to be received. At the very moment when the sceptic yielded to conviction and admitted that a divine revelation was proved to exist, when he had felt the bond which such a conviction laid upon conscience, and was about to open the book and consult it for himself, his teacher would interpose and lay a prohibition upon the natural and reasonable use of the very volume which he had just proved to be a revelation from God to man. 'The church,' he says, 'is the keeper and guardian of this book. None else is authorized to interpret its contents. You must not consult it as you would any other volume: it is at the peril of your soul to do so. You might fall into ruinous error. Suffer the church to dictate what you shall believe and practice, and renounce at once and for ever all right to indulge in private or personal interpretations. This is the very term of your salvation: reject it, and I denounce you as still an infidel and a heretic worthy of eternal damnation.'

The converted sceptic might very naturally and logically reply—'I will do as you require, unreasonable as it seems, as soon as I am convinced that your requirement is founded on the book itself which you have convinced me is divine; but you will never induce me to forego the right of studying and understanding

for myself the precious words of a divine communication, by the force of your *authority*; because, though I have been convinced by the strength of your argument, yet I see nothing in *your* authority above that of a fellow-inquirer after truth. You have convinced me of a fact—a most important and interesting one—and that very fact it is which now enforces upon my conscience the duty of opening the book, that I may ascertain what the will of my Creator may be. You must yourself admit that I can know nothing of your authority or that of your church till I have consulted the book. I admit its divine authorship upon rational evidence—but as to your authority to prohibit my private perusal and interpretation—it may be so, or it may be otherwise—but let me judge of that question by studying the contents of the volume.’ ‘No,’ says the Romanist, ‘not one page shall you unfold till you have agreed to accept the sense which the church has put upon the contents, and abjure your right to form your own views thereon.’ Here the parties divide on one of the very first foundations of religion. Which of the litigants has clear reason on his side, which does honour to God and his word,—which destroys the only true foundation of religion, and as illogically as impiously, substitutes a false, a human foundation in its place, on which is to rest the superstructure of our personal religion and our immortal hopes,—all can judge.

The existence of a divine revelation, and the correlative obligation of examining and understanding it for ourselves, being the only first principles requisite or admissible, it might have been fairly and rationally inferred, that no man or set of men would ever presume to interpret or direct, by any limitations or restrictions issuing out of their own *soi-disant* authority, the legitimate effect of those principles upon human nature. The attempt to interpose between the word of the Creator and the intellect of his creatures, not by argument, or explanation, but by absolute command and prohibition, is equally degrading to the creature and insulting to the Creator. It is too serious a matter to be passively acquiesced in. It must either be vindicated by the unquestionable testimony of the inspired book; or, if it cannot, it must be spurned and execrated as an attempt at tyranny the most presumptuous, the most preposterously wicked, both against God and man, that was ever perpetrated under the sun.

Some persons have been absurd and presumptuous enough to think and even say, that they could suggest vast improvements in the laws and arrangements of the physical universe; but we never heard or read of any one who had proposed to improve the element by which our organs of vision act; or of any inventor of a superior medium through which all eyes should be

allowed or compelled by statute to contemplate the face of heaven and earth. Yet for many a long century no divine light was allowed to fall upon human intellects, save that which came to them through the refracting, and, we may add, obscuring, medium of the church; and no spiritual reality was allowed to become visible, even by that medium, but just such as the church approved. Still no one certified the world of the church's honesty, verity, and authority *but the church itself*. Yet all the time it talked of logic, and professed to reason; but it was in this vicious circle.

Of all the enormities which human presumption has ever committed, this is obviously the most monstrous, and the most injurious—that both the determination of the text of inspiration, and the interpretation of that text, should be claimed and usurped by a set of men who can show no more title to such authority than any other set of men. Yet Rome has claimed, and does still claim as tenaciously as ever, the exclusive right to settle both these first principles of religion. Its own Latin vulgate has been made to supersede the original text, and is absolutely isolated from all emendation and correction, while even that is not allowed to explain its own meaning, but is forbidden to be understood in any other sense than that in which the church understands it, upon pain of everlasting damnation. This is the triple crime of which in the name of mankind we accuse the church of Rome—a crime to which all its priests and ecclesiastics are accessories—first, *treachery* to their sacred trust; for they received the lively oracles to give unto us: second, *tyranny* over the intellects of God's human creatures; for they debar us from the rational use of those oracles: and thirdly, *treason* against the Lord of spirits; for they have usurped his supreme and exclusive prerogative over conscience.

If the Protestant reformation had effected nothing for the world beyond these two things—the emancipation of the text of Scripture from the iron bands and brazen clasps of Rome, and the vindication of the right of private judgment from the crushing authority of pretended infallible interpreters, it would have merited the admiration and gratitude of all succeeding generations. For what, we may ask, was the position in which, prior to that event, divine revelation was placed? Were its very words before the world? Was it recognised as the basis of faith? Was not even the version which the church professed to hold as its charter imprisoned in a dead language, and all vernaculars forbidden? Were not the originals, from which the church's vulgate was professedly derived, neglected, and all stimulus to compare and examine the *ipsissima verba* of revelation itself withdrawn? nay, had not the original text absolutely sunk into con-

tempt by the final establishment of the vulgate as the sole authority? Undoubtedly this was the state of the matter; and it accounts for the numerous and serious difficulties of various kinds, with which Christian scholars had to contend, when the reformation began to draw aside the veil which had been interposed, and to recal attention to the original text, and to the right of every man to read and understand it for himself. The effort then put forth aimed a decisive blow both against the foundation and the whole fabric of human inventions in religion. Its tendency was soon perceived at the head quarters of the church; and all possible means and appliances were arrayed against it. Of course it was not possible to deny that there were manuscripts and versions in existence of higher innate authority than the vulgate. Rome itself had nourished and still contained scholars who were perfectly aware of the value of their manuscripts, and of the dependence of their own version upon the originals. But criticism was overlaid by ecclesiastical authority. From an infallible standard there could be no appeal. All collections and collations were superseded. Every question relating to the letter of inspiration was foreclosed; and there could be no reason for debating or opening them, save for the gratification of antiquarian curiosity, or the conviction of the sceptic. The library was closed and the priest kept the key of real knowledge in his pocket. Thus Christianity appeared to rest upon a new and artificial foundation. The priesthood had stepped into the Almighty's throne and usurped his functions. They had virtually forbidden God to speak to his creatures but by their mouth. The consequences of this system of treachery and tyranny were patent enough; for everywhere the people were so estranged from the fact of a divine revelation existing in the world, and existing not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, that no man thought of asking 'what saith the Scripture?' but almost uniformly, 'What says the church?' And while the attempt to push the former question was denounced as heresy, and punished with death, the answer of the latter was deemed the end of all controversy.

For nearly a thousand years, or thereabouts, this state of things had continued. It had grown venerable by antiquity, and had become a hoary and an established fraud. It was no easy matter to break up the enchantment of this living ecclesiastical authority, to step back upon the foundation of ancient manuscripts, to determine their relative values; to trace the genealogy of versions and the purity of their sources. During the long period we have indicated, inquiry after the actual word of God had ceased, and the very desire of beholding and of hearing it had to be created. The very languages in which divine revelation

existed were despised. Some few penetrating minds there had always been, which could not repose in human authority though comprising both church and state. These either traced out for themselves a firmer foundation of faith, or, secretly falling into infidelity, regarded the whole affair of the church as a very ingenious, but at the same time a very profitable fraud, in which they might innocently act their part and share the spoil. There can be no doubt that for long periods, and in high places, large numbers of the clergy had been sceptics at heart; for they had acuteness enough to discern the hollowness of the church's pretensions, but were destitute of that historical knowledge which would have enabled them to repose their faith on a divine foundation.

But the noble conception of recovering and making universally audible the unadulterated testimony of God to his creatures, the bold idea of appealing to every man's understanding and conscience as to the claims of that testimony upon his faith and obedience, prior to any authority in the church, whether contemplated as the germ of the reformation or as its fruit, constituted then, and constitutes at this day, the very essence and sum of the controversy with Rome. These are the principles which that church resolutely denies, but upon which manifestly rests the hope of the world, as well as the destined glory of the world's Redeemer. It was the strength of this conviction in individual minds which first made reformers. A pure and exalted heroism moved them to the conflict against those whom they could regard in no other light than that of enemies to the word of God, because they kept it in bondage. Their assertion and defence of their first principles left them little leisure to inquire into the state of the text, or lay down rules of criticism. It was a work of greater urgency, and they wisely felt it, to give the word of God liberty, by causing it to speak in a few of the vernaculars of Europe. It was honour enough for one race of reformers to have vindicated the liberation of that word and the right to use it. It was hardly to be expected that they should do more. They stood very much isolated from each other, and had little opportunity for concert and co-operation. Calm study and patient research into learned languages, then very rarely cultivated, and, therefore, but imperfectly known, was out of the question. Their ground had to be gained inch by inch from a most resolute, crafty, unscrupulous, and powerful foe, who fought as for life against the startling novelties.

For a length of time, therefore, a beginning, and only a beginning, was made in the arduous task of collecting and reviewing the original text and its various versions. That they should have found all these matters in a state of uncertainty and con-

fusion is not surprising, since it had been so long neglected: neither is it matter of complaint that they should have done so little towards placing them in a satisfactory state. The very novelty of the work to be undertaken, the paucity of means and opportunities for effecting it, as well as the difficulties everywhere surrounding it, may excuse all the imperfections and mistakes which their successors have detected. Considering the circumstances in which they were placed, they achieved wonders which have never been surpassed. If learned men in Protestant churches, since the reformation, had emulated the noble examples set them in the infancy of the struggle, to make public the pure word of God, if they had possessed equal skill and manifested equal zeal, the important work would have been much further advanced in our day than it is.

But after the settlement of the Protestant churches in something like political security, and the quiet enjoyment of their recovered privileges, a season of repose and indifference succeeded, and the sublime enterprise which had been only commenced, and which ought to have been still pursued, was, in a great measure, neglected. Privileged versions were made and given to the Protestant world; but little was attempted, and, consequently, little effected to secure a standard text. Here and there an individual of indomitable zeal, of superior learning, and of large resources, undertook Herculean labours, and sometimes accomplished works of incalculable importance and of imperishable renown. The revival of classical learning, while it materially assisted, yet, by engrossing attention, in some measure retarded, the work of biblical revision. Even to this day Protestant scholars and divines have been more ambitious of excelling in classics and the exact sciences, than in studies purely biblical and critical.

Every one knows how deficient our own country was for more than a century preceding the commencement of the present, in the knowledge of Hebrew and its cognates. At our universities it had become unfashionable. Divines and theologians were scarcely expected to read it; and though a few scholars throughout the land cultivated it in private, and attained no mean proficiency, yet it had ceased to be made a requirement for the office of a Christian teacher, and was, therefore, not sought as a needful accomplishment. Among Protestant dissenters, however, the case has been somewhat different; for since they have been permitted to set up academies and colleges of their own, they have not only provided for the teaching of Hebrew, but have frequently added Syriac and Arabic—and, as a consequence, we believe we may affirm, that dissenting minis-

ters generally are much better versed in a knowledge of the Hebrew text than their brethren of the established church.

We will not, however, here indulge in remarks which might be deemed invidious. We prefer to speak of our country and of the state of biblical learning generally among the Protestant churches. It is gratifying to observe various, and, we believe, promising, symptoms of improvement. For many years Germany has taken the lead, and been indeed far in advance. We trust, however, that Great Britain, which was foremost to hold up the beacon of divine light to the nations of Europe, and which has in modern times achieved the unrivalled honour of spreading the word of life in the vernaculars of nearly all the nations of the earth, will not be much longer in the rear. With such means as are possessed by our universities, and such patronage as may be readily commanded by those who pertain to the richest Protestant church in Europe, it would be a national dishonour, if we did not keep pace with poorer and weaker communities, in all the studies which are directed to the integrity and elucidation of the sacred text.

We are happy again to meet Dr. Henderson, the theological professor at Highbury college, in that field of labour wherein already he has won unfading laurels. His travels in earlier life, his labours in the dissemination of the word of God throughout Europe, and his acquaintance with modern languages and literature, crowned by the quiet studies and scholastic habits of his latter years, have eminently qualified him for the critical examination of the text, and illustration of the import of sacred Scripture. Few men have enjoyed superior advantages, and fewer still have turned their advantages to better account. We trust his life and health may still be continued to enable him further to serve the important cause to which so large a portion of his labours and studies have been devoted.

The work which is now before us is a companion to his former volume containing the translation of Isaiah, with a critical, philological, and exegetical commentary. It will now only require two or three similar volumes on the writings of Jeremiah, Daniel, and Ezekiel, to complete the prophetic portion of the Old Testament, which it will greatly delight us to know the learned author is enabled by adequate vigour, and encouraged by public patronage, to undertake.

The plan of the present work is precisely similar to that upon Isaiah. He aims throughout to give his readers the mind of the Spirit as imparted in the sacred text. 'With the view of determining this, he has laid under contribution all the means within his reach, in order to ascertain the original state of the

Hebrew text, and the true and unsophisticated meaning of that text. He has constantly had recourse to the collection of various readings made by Kennecott and De Rossi; he has compared the renderings of the Seventy, the Targums, the Syriac, the Arabic, the Vulgate, and other ancient versions; he has consulted the best critical commentaries; he has availed himself of the results of modern philological research; and he has conducted the whole under the influence of a disposition to place himself in the times of the sacred writers, surrounded by the scenery which they exhibit, and impressed by the different associations, both of a political and a spiritual character, which they embody. In all his investigations he has endeavoured to cherish a deep conviction of the inspired authority of the books which it has been his object to illustrate, and of the heavy responsibility which attaches to all who undertake the interpretation of the oracles of God.'

Besides the brief account of its author, which precedes each of these prophetic books, we have a general preface, containing a summary of all that is known concerning what was anciently denominated *The Book of the Twelve Prophets*,—that they were regarded as forming one collective body of writings. The Rabbins called Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and these twelve, the four latter prophets. Gregory Nanzianzen also, in describing the contents of the sacred volume, speaks of them as one book. The time when they were thus collected cannot be determined with certainty; but their number is recognized, and their memory honoured by Jesus the son of Sirach, in Ecclesiasticus xlix. 10, which dates about two hundred years before the Christian era. The collection of the sacred books, generally, is by learned Jews ascribed to the great synagogue, formed under the direction of Ezra, and continued till within three hundred years of the birth of Christ. It appears to be a well-founded opinion, that Nehemiah also had a hand in completing this collection, as well as in gathering together the other books of the sacred canon. In this work he would no doubt avail himself of the assistance of Malachi, as Dr. Henderson has observed; and thus the seal of an inspired prophet would be set to the entire Jewish canon. The testimony of the second book of Maccabees (chap. ii. ver. 13) gives strength to this opinion; and we know of no reason to doubt the historical accuracy of that statement. It is this:—'*The same things also were reported in the writings and commentaries of Neemias; and how he, founding a library, gathered together the acts of the Kings and the Prophets, and of David, and the epistles of the kings concerning the holy gifts.*' There can be no question that these minor prophets were all contained in the Jewish canon, when the

Greek translation of the *Seventy* was undertaken, which carries us back to within a hundred and fifty years of the date when the canon was thus completed.

The task of translating these prophetic writings, and of producing a commentary which should enable the English reader to enter into their full import, is unquestionably one of the most difficult and arduous which any author could undertake. The peculiarities of style, manner and circumstance; the local, national and historical allusions, the bold and unfamiliar imagery so profusely employed to give effect to prophetic representations, all contribute to perplex the interpreter. It is no light praise to say that Dr. Henderson has accomplished this task with a degree of ability never surpassed in any similar undertaking. He has resolutely adhered to the principle maintained in his former work—that no prophecy contains a double sense. His uniform effort, therefore, is to bring to light that one sense which is intended to be conveyed to the mind of the reader. His interpretation of various passages indicates his opinion that the Jews, as a nation, will be restored to their own country. He considers this an inevitable inference from the prophetic page, interpreted according to his principles. It is a matter on which learned authorities so greatly differ, that we are content simply to state the fact, that such is Dr. Henderson's opinion. The objections to it are not formally answered; nor, so far as we have observed, has it been stated whether he expects their return after or before their adhesion to the gospel of Christ.

It would not be suitable here to enter into minute verbal criticisms, or to weigh the reasons which induced a preference for any particular interpretation. Where we differ from the author, which we sometimes do, we admire his skill and learning. Instead of entertaining our readers, however, with criticisms on Hebrew roots, we will present them with a specimen of the work, taken from that remarkable and much controverted prediction in Zechariah, chap. xiv., with part of the comment on the fourth verse.

1. Behold the day of the Jehovah cometh,
And thy spoil shall be divided in the midst of thee.
2. For I will collect all the nations against Jerusalem to battle,
And the city shall be taken,
And the houses plundered, and the women ravished;
And half the city shall go forth into captivity,
But the rest of the people shall not be cut off from the city.
3. And Jehovah shall go forth,
And fight with those nations,
As in the day when he fought
In the day of battle.

4. And his feet shall stand in that day
On the mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east ;
And the mount of Olives shall be split in its midst,
Toward the east and toward the west,
Into a very great valley ;
Half of the mountain shall recede towards the north,
And half of it towards the south.
5. And ye shall flee to the valley of my mountains,
For the valley of the mountains shall reach to Azal ;
Yea, ye shall flee as ye fled from the earthquake,
In the days of Uzziah, king of Judah ;
For Jehovah my God shall come,
And all the holy ones with thee.
6. And it shall be in that day
That there shall not be the light of the precious orbs,
But condensed darkness.
But there shall be one day,
(It is known to Jehovah,)
When it shall not be day and night ;
For at the time of the evening there shall be light.
8. And it shall be in that day
That living waters shall proceed from Jerusalem,
Half of them to the eastern sea,
And half of them to the western sea ;
In summer and in winter shall it be.
9. And Jehovah shall become king over all the earth ;
In that day Jehovah alone shall be,
And his name alone.
10. And all the earth shall be changed
As it were into the plain from Geba to Rimmon,
South of Jerusalem ;
And she shall be exalted,
And be inhabited in her place,
From the gate of Benjamin,
To the place of the former gate,
To the gate of the corners ;
And from the tower of Hananeel
To the king's wine-vats.
And they shall dwell in her,
And there shall be no more curse,
And Jerusalem shall dwell in safety.

The note upon verses 4 and 5 will greatly displease the interpreters of the Advent school, who have indulged such extraordinary visions upon this passage. It is as follows: the scene is the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans:—

' These verses convey, in language of the most beautiful poetical imagery, the assurance of the effectual means of escape that should be provided for the truly pious. We accordingly learn from Eusebius, that on the breaking out of the Jewish war, the Christian church at Jerusalem, in obedience to the warning of our Saviour, Matt. xxiv. 16, fled to Pella, a city beyond Jordan, where they lived in safety. As the Mount of Olives lay in their way, it is represented as cleaving into two halves, in order to make a passage for them.' [*Then follow various verbal criticisms, and the note concludes thus*]—'That a future personal and pre-millennial advent of the Redeemer is here taught, I cannot find.'

In conclusion, we beg to recommend the careful perusal of this elaborate work to all biblical scholars. It is an honour to the age, the country, and the denomination of the author, and will, we doubt not, enhance the reputation he has already acquired. Younger scholars must be upon their guard against typographical errors; for though the volume is beautifully printed, yet it requires a much larger table of *errata* than is given. We trust, however, that the patronage of the public will soon afford the learned author an opportunity of correcting them. We heartily wish the work an extensive sale. It will be an invaluable addition to every minister's library. To poor ministers, their friends could scarcely make a more acceptable and useful present, than this and the former volume on Isaiah. Our readers will pardon the suggestion for the sake of the motive.

Art. VII.—1. *Priests, Women, and Families*. By J. Michelet. Translated from the French by C. Cocks, Bachelier dès Lettres, etc. Sixth Edition. London: Longman and Co., 1846.

2. *The People*. By J. Michelet, translated with the author's especial permission, by C. Cocks, B.L. London: Longman and Co., 1846.

3. *The Jesuits*. By MM. Michelet and Quinet. Translated by C. Cocks. B. L. Longman, & Co.

THERE is no sign of the lively and jealous feelings excited in the public mind in England, by the eager spirit of popish proselytism so broadly manifested of late years, as the reception of the work of M. Michelet—'Priests, Women, and Families.' One publisher boasts to have sold no less than fifteen thousand copies of a translation of this work; another, no less than twenty thousand. Catholic Churches springing up everywhere

amongst us; convents founding; the very clergy of the Established Church quitting their warm fellowships and warmer livings to go over to the Church of Rome, are phenomena which strike the reflecting with wonder. They ask,—

“What! are we running back to dark ages? Is this the fruit of science and of philosophy, that we should quit freedom for slavery, enquiry for non-enquiry, the gospel for tradition, truth in all its noon-day clearness for the imbecile mummary and childish legends of Rome? Can all that our fathers have fought for and suffered to break the iron yoke of spiritual despotism be again surrendered? Shall we once more set up that which set up the rack, the dungeon, and the living pile? Have we won the privilege of unshackled opinion; can we enquire and discuss without its being at the risk of our lives and fortunes; and are we ready to stoop our necks again to the soul-petrifying chain of the arrogant priest? Is it possible, that with all our boasted enlightenment, our researches in the regions, both of history and mind, that we can become saintly drivellers, and the world's bright career terminate in mockery and mental servility?”

These appearances of things might well awake wonder; might well warrant these enquiries—but there is little danger—the sun is not going out—it is only a very partial eclipse. There are two causes sufficient to explain all that has taken place in England—the unconquerable ambition of the Romish hierarchy, and the long and happy absence of Popish intrigue and cruelty from the eyes of the British public. Since we gave a pretty tolerably decisive proof of our determination not to allow of the dominance of Popery in England by the expulsion of James II., we have enjoyed a long reprieve from the public arrogance and domestic nuisance of that creeping pest, the bachelor clergy of Rome. Public opinion has gone forward with erect head and bold heart; in our confidence we have resumed the legal disabilities of those who when in power would permit no freedom of opinion, and not even social, much less political privileges to those who dared to differ from their religious creed. We have been, therefore, somewhat startled of late years, to see the symptoms of aspiration in the popish party to which we have alluded. We see Rome openly elated by the recent working of its old leaven in the Church of England, calculating on recovering the rich sovereignty of these affluent kingdoms, and from time to time putting up the most solemn and public prayers for the return of England to the bosom of the knowing, and as she calls herself, the loving old mother. That day, however, will never more arrive. There are in all countries silly people who do not know when they are well off till they get a pinch for their folly, and idle

people, who, for the sake of a little excitement, will adopt any novelty, however absurd. But these do not constitute any great proportion of the British public. The heart of England is sound; her intellect is awake, she knows the past, she enjoys the present, and she will take care of the future. If she has forgotten what popery is in the ease of her happy estate, she has only to look abroad, and there she will see enough to secure her judgment from any temporary delusion. The great movement at present going on in Germany is a sufficient awakener. What has stirred like a tempest the whole ocean of Catholic life over almost every district of that great nation? The horrors resulting from the celibacy of the clergy, against which they have long petitioned the Pope in vain, and the insult to the human understanding in endeavouring, amid all the advance of modern intelligence, to chain it down to the idiotic fables and jugglery of the most brutish of past ages? What has kindled civil war in the cantons of Switzerland? The intrigues of Jesuits? What roused that proverbially Catholic Spain to universal hostility to monkery, and broke up at once that old system of epicurean swinery? The fact that no man found himself safe in his most domestic relations, from the insinuating espionage, and corrupting influence of an unmarried, unmarriageable swarm of sanctified idlers? M. Michelet's book comes now forth to show us the monstrous effects of the confessional and of Jesuitry in comparatively free and excitable France.

In Germany, that religious ferment, which broke out on the protestation of Ronge against the Holy Coat at Treves, has been going on for these twenty years in the public mind. The scandal to public morals, and to private manners, everywhere occasioned by the celibacy of the clergy, and the horrors resulting from that diabolical institution, have been of such a nature as completely to open the eyes of the most simple and stupid, and to occasion loud demands for its removal. According to German policy, every means has been used to suppress the knowledge of the terrible revelations which from time to time were taking place. The press was securely prevented by the censor from ever alluding to them; the police hushed all possible discussion regarding them. Yet, spite of all this, such bloody and tragic facts have oozed through the thick walls of nunneries, and cast a horrible shade on the still roofs of village parsonages, as have thrilled with indignant terror the heart of every hearer. In many parsonages the people have preferred to see a family of children growing up of whose parentage no question could be asked, to risking, even by a single remark, the increase of that feeling by which infanticide was made certain, and fearfully frequent. In many states those religious pilgrimages to the shrines of certain popular saints, which still

in Austria and Bavaria are very numerous, in which often as many as ten thousand people will be engaged, making long journeys through solitary forests and over the mountains, encamping in obscure places far from towns by night, and, perhaps, for days, at the end of their journey, around the shrine, in some as lonely a spot, have been obliged to be forbidden by government, from the license and the crimes to which they gave origin, and in which the clergy often figured most mischievously for the interests of religion. In Austria the resort to these shrines is still enormous. In the month of September, alone, the visitants to that of Maria Taferl, near Linz, often amount to one hundred and thirty thousand, and all summer the people are streaming from Vienna, and numberless other places, to that of the Black Virgin at Mariazell in Styria. To what miseries and crimes the shameless cupidity and trading blasphemy of Rome have given rise in every part of the world! To what a miserable necessity has it reduced itself by its doctrine of infallibility, for, having once sanctioned these follies, it cannot now condemn or abolish them. It is obliged to maintain them in the face of all Europe, while civilization and science are every day pouring a more intolerable flood of light upon them. It is by this very doctrine of infallibility that Providence has nailed the Mother of Abominations to the tree of destruction. There is no fear of her ever again resuming her sway over the Christian world. The governments of the most Catholic states are compelled to curb that license which she allows, and to put down those atrocities which have received the patronage and the blessings of the most celebrated pontiffs. The very clergy, themselves, writhe and groan under the bondage into which the decree of Gregory VII. has thrown them. A decree which has condemned them to a living death, and made them, where they should be the fountains of holiness, the most prolific fountains of crime and scandal. In vain have they implored the Pope to reconsider and abolish this unnatural decree; its abolition now would bring down the whole papal fabric. They are fast knit together in the doctrine of infallibility, and must stand and fall together. The friends of truth may rejoice that to whichever horn of the dilemma the Romish church may turn, it can there only see destruction. Retain celibacy, and the very clergy will cover the church with disgrace, and finally desert it, as now in Germany; abolish it, and the whole hocus-pocus of papal infallibility explodes. In the Black Songs of Benedict Dalei, purporting to be the poetic autobiography of a Catholic priest, the whole terrible mystery of iniquity, the purgatory and lonely wretchedness of a priest's life are depicted with a feeling

that makes you shrink with horror from the contemplation. It is this terrible reality, acting alike on priests and people in Catholic countries, making the priest's life a true misery, converting him into a spy and a tool, compelling him who has vowed before God to proclaim the truth, into a studied and inevitable supporter of the most infamous frauds, a corrupter of the minds of the young, and a tyrant where he should be the friend; it is because the confessional has become the soul-trap of Satan, and the well of all spiritual pollutions, that the popular mind has revolted from the system throughout Germany, and will revolt from it, finally, everywhere. In England we have had these horrors removed from our observation, and, therefore, Catholicism is tolerable and even piquant to the imagination—let M. Michelet say what it is in France.

As might have been expected, M. Michelet, in dealing with Catholic priests comes chiefly in contact with the Jesuits, the most active, able, intriguing, and indomitable of all. Mr. O'Connell, a few weeks ago, in the House of Commons, boasted that there was not a charge against the Jesuits which he could not undertake to refute. It was a vain boast. Mr. O'Connell's word is not of that weight that it will be accepted against all history; and the history of the Jesuits is the same in every nation. In every Christian, and some pagan nations, they have excited the same feeling towards them—that of indignation and distrust. They have been expelled from every country into which they have found their way, and out of Rome itself. Yet Mr. O'Connell will undertake to defend their innocence against all the world, the common sense of all mankind, and the very infallibility of the pope. Mr. O'Connell must himself be a Jesuit, whose doctrine it is that a man may say anything, because the end sanctifies the means. M. Michelet regards the policy of the Jesuits in all ages and in all purposes, even the most bloody, as most effectually served by their influence over women. To this he traces the most horrible wars and massacres which they have stirred up.

'The weak minds of women, after the corruption of the sixteenth century, spoiled beyond all remedy, full of passion, fear, and wicked desires, mingled with remorse, seized greedily on the means of sinning conscientiously, of expiating without either amendment, amelioration, or return towards God. They thought themselves happy to receive in the confessional, by way of penance, some little political commission, or the management of some intrigue. They transferred to this singular manner of expiating their faults the very violence of the guilty passions, for which the atonement was to be made; and, in order to remain sinful, they were often obliged to commit crimes.

'The passion of woman, inconstant in everything else, was in this case sustained by the vigorous obstinacy of the mysterious and invisible hand that urged her forwards. Under this impulse, at once gentle and strong, ardent and persevering, firm as iron, and dissolving as fire, characters and even interests gave way.

'Some examples will help us to understand this better. In France, old Lesdiguières was, politically, much interested in remaining a protestant; as such he was the head man of the party. The king, rather than the governor of Dauphiné, he assisted the Swiss, and protected the populations of Vaud and Romand against the house of Savoy. But the old man's daughter was gained over by Father Cotton. She set to work upon her father with patience and address, and succeeded in inducing him to quit his high position for an empty title, and change his religion for the title of constable.

'In Germany, the character of Ferdinand I., his interest, and the part he had to play, would have induced him to remain moderate, and not become the vassel of his nephew, Philip II. With violence and fanaticism he had no choice left, but to accept a secondary place. The emperor's daughters, however, intrigued so well, that the house of Austria became united by marriage to the houses of Lorraine and Bavaria. The children of these families being educated by the Jesuits, the latter repaired in Germany the broken thread of the destinies of the Guises, and had even better fortunes than the Guises themselves; for they made for their own use certain blind instruments, agents in diplomacy and tactics—skilful workmen, certainly, but still mere workmen. I speak of that hardy and devout generation, of Ferdinand II. of Austria, of Tilly, and Maximilian of Bavaria, those conscientious executors of the great works of Rome, who, under the direction of their teachers, carried on for so long a time, throughout Europe, a warfare which was at once barbarous and skilful, merciless and methodical. The Jesuits launched them into it, and then carefully watched over them; and whenever Tilly, on his charger, was seen dashing over the smoking ruins of cities, or the battle-field, covered with the slain, the Jesuit, trotting on his mule, was not far off.

'This vile war, the most loathsome in history, appears the more horrible, by the almost total absence of free inspiration and spontaneous impulse. It was, from its very beginning, both artificial and mechanical—like a war of mockeries and phantoms. These strange beings, created only to fight, march with a look as void of martial ardour, as their heart is of affection. How could they be reasoned with? What language could be used towards them? What pity could be expected from them? In our wars of religion, in those of the revolution, they were each men who fought, each died for the sake of his idea, and, when he fell on the battle-field, he shrouded himself in his faith. Whereas the partizans of the 'Thirty Years' War have no individual life—no idea of their own; their very breath is but the inspiration of the evil genius who urges them on. These automatons, who grow blinder every day, are not the less obstinate and bloody.

No history would lead us to understand this abominable phenomenon, if there did not remain some delineation of them in the hellish pictures of that diabolical, *damned*, Salvator Rosa.

'Behold then this fruit of mildness, benignity, and paternity; see how, after having, by indulgence and connivance, exterminated morality, seized on the family by surprise, fascinated the mother, and conquered the child, and by the devil's own art raised the *man-machine*, they are found to have created a monster, whose whole idea, life and action, were *murder*, nothing more.

'Wise politicians, amiable men, good fathers, who, with so much mildness have skilfully arranged from afar the Thirty Years' War, seducing Aquaviva, the learned Canisius, and the good Possevino, the friend of St. Francis de Sales, who will not admire the flexibility of your genius? At the very time you were organizing this terrible intrigue of this second and prolonged Bartholomew, you were mildly discussing with the good saint the difference that ought to be observed between those who 'died in love, and those who died for love.'—pp. 26—28.

Michelet might have added that Ferdinand the II., who, while he sate and told his beads, accomplished the extermination of TEN MILLIONS OF MEN, died, thinking he had done God service.

The atrocities committed in this war have scarcely any parallel. The Jesuit order had arisen as the army of the church to exterminate the heresy of Luther, and they actually did succeed in rooting out Protestantism and almost every living soul from Bohemia, to say nothing of different parts of Germany. The German historians calculate that two-thirds of the whole population of Germany perished. In Saxony alone, within two years, nine hundred thousand men were destroyed. Augsburgh, which before had eighty thousand inhabitants, had, at the end of the war, only eighteen thousand. In Berlin, there were only three hundred burghers left; and the same proportion held in all Germany. The grand triumph, however, of Tilly and the Jesuits, was in the massacre of Magdeburgh. The soldiers amused themselves as a relaxation from their wholesale horrors practised on the adults, with perpetrating tortures on children. One man boasted that he had tossed twenty babes on his spear. Others they roasted alive in ovens; and others they pinioned down in various modes of agony, and pleased themselves with their cries as they sat and ate. Writers of the time describe thousands dying of exhaustion; numbers creeping naked into corners and cellars, in the madness of famine falling upon, tearing to pieces, and devouring each other; children being devoured by parents and parents by children; many tearing up bodies from the graves, or seeking the pits where horse killers threw

their carcases, for the carrion, and even breaking the bones for the marrow, after they were full of worms! Thousands of villages lay in ashes; and after the war, a person might, in many parts of Germany, go fifty miles in almost any direction without meeting a single man, a head of cattle, or a sparrow; while in another, in some ruined hamlet, you might see a single old man and a child, or a couple of old women. 'Oh God,' says an old chronicler, 'in what a miserable condition stand our cities! Where before were thousands of streets there are now not hundreds. The citizens by thousands had been chased into the water, hunted to death in the woods, cut open, and their hearts torn out, their ears, noses, and tongues cut off, the soles of their feet opened, straps cut out of their backs; women, children, and men so shamefully and barbarously used that it is not to be conceived. How miserable stand the little towns, the open hamlets! There they lie burnt, destroyed, so that neither roof, beam, door, nor window is to be seen. The churches? they have been burnt, the bells carried away, and the most holy places made stables, market-houses, some of the very altars being purposely defiled with filth of all kinds.'

Whole villages were filled with dead bodies of men, women, and children, destroyed by plague and hunger, with quantities of cattle,—which had been preyed on by dogs, wolves, and vultures, because there had been no one to mourn or to bury them. Whole districts which had been highly cultivated were again grown over with wood; families who had fled, in returning after the war, found trees growing on their hearths; and even now, it is said, foundations of villages are in some places discovered in the forests, and traces of ploughed lands. It is the fixed opinion, that to this day Germany, in point of political freedom, and the progress of public wealth and art, feels the disastrous consequences of this war.

Here is one of the first exploits of the Jesuits after they were organized into the army of the church under their general, Loyola, to extirpate the heresy of Luther. Before Mr. O'Connell proceeds any further, let him justify that deed, if he can or dare. The horrible Tilly, inspired with the most demoniacal fanaticism of Jesuitism amid the smoking ruins of Magdeburg, spoken of above, wrote to the Emperor of Austria, declaring that the destruction of that fine city and the atrocities committed were the finest thing that had been seen since the destruction of Jerusalem, and regretting only the emperor's daughters had not seen it!

M. Michelet traces the progress of priestcraft from 1600 to the present hour. He gives us the spiritual loves of St. Francis de Sales and Madame Chantal, of Fenelon and Lady

Guyon, Fenelon and Madame de la Maisonfort, of Bossuet and Sister Cornuau, the crimes of Mother Agueda, the loves of Father La Colombière and Marie Alacoque, the history of Quietism, the history of the Sacred Heart, and the condition of the interior of nunneries. It is to the effect of the priestly influence in families in France at the present moment that we shall chiefly direct the attention of our readers. One or two points only stop us a moment by the way. The story of Mother Agueda is an episode of that nature, which, as we have hinted above, might be paralleled in whole volumes from the Catholic secret history of Southern Germany.

‘There was amongst the Carmelites of Lerma a holy woman, Mother Agueda, esteemed as a saint. People went to her from all the neighbouring provinces to get her to cure the sick. A convent was founded on the spot which had been so fortunate as to give her birth. There, in the church, they adored her portrait placed within the choir; and there she cured those who were brought to her, by applying to them certain miraculous stones which she brought forth, as they said, with pains similar to those of childbirth. This miracle lasted twenty years. At last the report spread that those confinements were but too true, and that she was really delivered. The Inquisition of Logrono having made a visit to the convent, arrested Mother Agueda, and questioned the other nuns, among whom was the young niece of the saint, Donna Vincenta. The latter confessed, without any prevarication, the commerce that her aunt, herself, and the others had with the provincial of the Carmelites, the prior of Lerma, and the priors of the first rank. The saint had been confined five times, and her niece showed the place where the children had been killed and buried, the moment they were born. They found the skeletons.

‘What is not less horrible is, that this young nun, only nine years of age, a dutiful child, immured by her aunt for this strange life, and having no other education, firmly believed that this was really the devout life, perfection, and sanctity, and followed this path in full confidence upon the faith of her confessors.

‘The grand doctor of these nuns was the provincial of the Carmelites, Juan de la Vega. He had written the life of the saint, and arranged her miracles; and he it was who had had the skill to have her glorified, and her festival observed, though she was still alive. He himself was considered almost a saint by the vulgar. The monks said everywhere that, since the blessed Juan de la Croix, Spain had not seen a man so austere and penitent. According to their custom of designating illustrious doctors by a titular name, such as angelic, seraphic, etc., he was called the ecstatic. Being much stronger than the saint, he resisted the torture, whereas she died in it: he confessed nothing, except that he had received the money for eleven thousand eight hundred masses that he had not said; and he got off with being banished to the convent of Duruelo.’—pp. 86—7.

M. Michelet considers that the Catholic clergy of the present day are far inferior to those of the early times of the Jesuits. The sons of peasants, not half educated, are chiefly what supply the priestly ranks, and that they endeavour to hide, by an assumed sanctity, their deficiencies, in an age when the laity, on the contrary, are every day becoming better and better informed. He shows, too, that the treatment of the nuns in the convents has much degenerated since the middle ages, and is now most barbarous. Then they were allowed to relieve the *ennui* of their existence by cultivating flowers, and by transcribing manuscripts, and painting in them many of those exquisite miniatures which so completely betray the love and patience of a female hand. At a time when our young ladies in England again begin to take the strange fancy for imprisoning themselves for life, and we have seen in London, that on such a day a nun is going to take the veil, it will be well for every one to read Michelet's account of what that life is now in France. He says:—

‘Fifteen years ago I occupied, in a very solitary part of the town, a house, the garden of which was adjacent to that of a convent of women. Though my windows overlooked the greatest part of their garden, I had never seen my sad neighbours. In the month of May, on Rogation-Day, I heard numerous weak, very weak voices, chanting prayers, as the procession passed through the convent garden. The singing was sad, dry, unpleasant; their voices false, as if spoiled by suffering. I thought for a moment they were chanting prayers for the dead; but listening more attentively, I distinguished, on the contrary, ‘*Te rogamus, audi nos*’; the song of hope which invokes the benediction of the God of life upon fruitful nature. This May-song, chanted by these lifeless nuns, offered to me a bitter contrast. To see these pale girls crawling along on the flowery verdant turf, these poor girls, who never will bloom again!—The thought of the middle ages, which had at first flashed across my mind, soon died away: for then, monastic life was connected with a thousand other things; but in our modern harmony, what is this but a barbarous contradiction, a false, harsh, grating note? What I then beheld before me, was to be defended neither by nature, nor by history. I shut my window again, and sadly returned to my book. This sight had been painful to me, as it was softened or atoned for by no poetical sentiment. It reminded me much less of chastity than of sterile widowhood, a state of emptiness, inaction, disgust—of an intellectual and moral fast, the state in which these unfortunate creatures are kept by their absolute rules.’—pp. 126—7.

Such is a peep at the exterior life of a convent; it is a fitting prelude to the dreary interior:—

‘Do you believe that this poor nun is tranquil in this life so monotonous? How many sad, but, alas! too true confessions I could relate here, that have been communicated to me by tender female

friends who had gone and received their tears in their bosom, and returned pierced to the heart to weep with me.

‘What we most wish for the prisoner is, that her heart, and almost her body, may die. If she be not shattered and crushed into a state of self oblivion, she will find in the convent the united sufferings of solitude and of the world. Alone, without being able to be alone! Forlorn, yet all her actions watched! The preliminary confession of the nuns to the superior, easily acceded to in the first fit of enthusiasm, soon becomes an intolerable vexation.

‘Forlorn! This nun, still young, yet already old through abstinence and grief, was yesterday a boarder, a novice whom they caressed. The friendship of the young girls, the maternal flattery of the old, her attachment for this nun, or that confessor, everything deceived her, and enticed her onwards to eternal confinement. We almost always fancy ourselves called to God, when we follow an amiable enchanting person, one who, with that same smiling, captivating devotion, delights in this sort of spiritual conquest. As soon as one is gained, she goes to another: but the poor girl who followed her, in the belief that she was loved, is no longer cared for.

‘Alone, in a solitude without tranquility of mind, and without repose. How sweet, in comparison with this, would be the solitude of the woods! The trees would still have compassion; they are not so insensible as they seem; they hear and they listen.

‘A woman’s heart, that unconquerable maternal instinct, the basis of a woman’s character, tries to deceive itself. She will soon find out some young friend, some lively companion, a favourite pupil. Alas! she will be taken from her. The jealous ones, to find favour with the superiors, never fail to accuse the purest attachments. The devil is jealous in the interest of God—he makes his objections for the sake of God alone.

‘What wonder, then, if this woman is sad, sadder every day, frequenting the most melancholy-looking avenues, and no longer speaks? Then her solitude becomes a crime. Now she is pointed out as suspected: they all observe and watch her. In the day time? It is not enough. The spy system lasts all night: they watch her sleeping, listen to her when she dreams, and take down her words.

‘The dreadful feeling of being thus watched night and day, must strangely trouble all the powers of the soul. The darkest hallucinations come over her, and all those wicked dreams that her poor reason, when on the point of leaving her, can make, in broad daylight, and wide awake. You know the visions that Piranesi has engraved: vast subterranean prisons, deep pits without air, staircases that you ascend for ever without reaching the top, bridges that lead to an abyss, low vaults, narrow passages of catacombs, growing closer and closer. In these dreadful prisons, which are punishments, you may perceive, moreover, instruments of torture, wheels, iron collars, whips.

‘In what, I should like to know, do convents of our time differ from houses of correction, and mad-houses? Many convents seem

to unite the three characters. I know but one difference between them; whilst the houses of correction are inspected by law, and the mad-houses by the police, both stop at the convent doors; the law is afraid, and dares not pass the threshold. The inspection of convents, and the precise designation of their character, are, however, so much more indispensable in these days, as they differ in a very serious point from the convents of the old régime. Those of the last century were properly asylums, where (for a donation once paid,) every noble family, whether living as nobles or rich citizens, placed one or more daughters to make a rich son. Once shut up there, they might live or die, as they pleased; they were no longer cared for. But now, *nuns inherit*, they become an object to be gained, a prey for a hundred thousand snares—an easy prey in their state of captivity and dependence. A superior, zealous to enrich her community, has infallible means to force the nun to give up her wealth; she can, a hundred times a day, under pretence of devotion and penitence, humble, vex, and even ill-treat her, till she reduces her to despair. Who can tell where asceticism finishes and captation begins, that '*compelle entrare*' applied to fortune? A financial and administrative spirit prevails to such a degree in our convents, that this sort of talent is what they require in a superior before every other. Many of these ladies are excellent managers. One of them is known in Paris by the notaries and lawyers, as able to give them lessons in matters of donations, successions, and wills. Paris need no longer envy Bologna, that learned female jurisconsult, who, occasionally wrapped in a veil, professed in the chair of her father.

Our modern laws, which date from the Revolution, and which, in their equity, have determined, that the daughter and younger son shall not be without their inheritance, work powerfully in this respect in favour of the counter-revolution; and that explains the rapid and unheard-of increase of religious houses. Lyons, that in 1789 had only forty convents, has now sixty-three. Nothing stops the monastic recruiters in their zeal for the salvation of rich souls. You may see them fluttering about heirs and heiresses. What a premium for the young peasants who people our seminaries, is this prospect of power! once priest, they may direct fortunes as well as consciences! Captation, so suspicious in the busy world, is not so in the convents; though it is here still more dangerous, being exercised over persons immured and dependent. There it reigns unbridled, and is formidable with impunity. For who can know it? Who dares enter here? No one. Strange! There are houses in France that are estranged to France. The street is still France; but pass yonder threshold, and you are in a foreign country which laughs at your laws.

What then are their laws? We are ignorant upon the subject. But we know for certain—for no pains are taken to disguise it—that the barbarous discipline of the middle ages is preserved in full force. Cruel contradiction! This system that speaks so much of the distinction of the soul and body, and believes it, since it boldly exposes

the confessor to carnal temptations! Well! this very same system teaches us that the body, distinct from the soul, modifies it by its suffering; that the soul improves and becomes more pure under the lash. It preaches spiritualism to meet valiantly the seduction of the flesh, and materialism when required to annihilate the will!

'What! when the law prohibits to strike even our galley-slaves, who are thieves, murderers, the most ferocious of men—you men of grace, who speak only of charity, *the good holy Virgin and the gentle Jesus*—you strike women!—nay girls, even children—who, after all, are only guilty of some trifling weakness!

'How are these chastisements administered? This is a question, perhaps, still more serious. What sort of terms of composition may not be extorted by fear? At what price does authority sell its indulgence? Who regulates the number of stripes? Is it you, my Lady Abbess? or you, Father Superior? What must be the capricious partial decision of one woman against another, if the latter displeases her: an ugly woman against a handsome one, or an old one against a young girl! We shudder to think.

'A strange struggle often happens between the superior nun and the director. The latter, however hardened he may be, is still a man; it is very difficult for him at last not to be affected for the poor girl, who tells him everything, and obeys him implicitly. Female art perceives it instantly, observes him, and follows him closely. He sees his penitent but little, very little, but it is always thought too much. The confession shall last only so many minutes, they wait for him, watch in hand. It would last too long, nay prove, that without this precaution, to the poor recluse, who received from every one else only insult and ill-treatment, a compassionate confessor is still a welcome refuge.

'We have known superiors demand, and obtain several times from their bishops a change of confessors, without finding any sufficiently austere. There is ever a wide difference between the harshness of a man and the cruelty of a woman! What is, in your opinion, the most faithful incarnation of the devil in this world? Some inquisitor? Some Jesuit or other? No, a female Jesuit, some great lady who has been converted, and believes herself born to rule, who among this flock of trembling females acts the Bonaparte, and who, more absolute than the most absolute tyrant, uses the rage of her badly cured passions to torment her unfortunate defenceless sisters.'—pp. 129—133.

Such are the fruits of catholicism in convents. Who would not dread to see their spirit amongst us? How misguided by education, unfortunate from circumstances must that young woman be, who can voluntarily condemn herself for life to one of those dens of despotism, those hells of lacerated and lacerating passion. But according to M. Michelet, it is not to converts

and religious houses that the plague of catholicism confines itself. It enters every house, and lays waste every domestic hearth where it gains the ascendancy; it is in *the family* that he traces out, and most energetically denounces its desolating presence. The priest and confessor is omnipotent. The confessional puts him in possession of the dearest, deepest secrets of woman, and once possessed of them, he is their tyrant and master. By woman he then rules everything. Husband, son, daughter, all are within his reach, and he sways and embitters the existence of all. We may select a portion of a single chapter which will give us a comprehensive insight into the working of the whole.

‘If you enter a house in the evening, and sit down at the family table, one thing will almost always strike you; the mother and daughters are together, of one and the same opinion, on one side, while the father is on the other, and alone. What does this mean? It means that there is some one more at this table whom you do not see, to contradict and give the lie to whatever the father may utter. He returns fatigued with the cares of the day, and full of those which are to come; but he finds at home, instead of repose and comfort for the mind, only the struggle with the past.’

‘We must not be surprised at it. By whom are our wives and daughters brought up? We must repeat the expression—by our enemies, the enemies of the revolution, and of the future. Do not cry out here, nor quote me this or that sermon you have preached. What do I care for the democratical parade which you make in the pulpit, if everything beneath us, and behind us, all your little pamphlets which issue by thousands and millions, your ill-disguised system of instruction, your confessional, the spirit of which now transpires, show us altogether what you are—the enemies of liberty? You, subjects of a sovereign prince; you, who deny the French church, how dare you speak of France?’

‘Six hundred and twenty thousand girls are brought up by nuns under the direction of the priests. These girls will soon be women and mothers, who, in their turn, will hand over to the priests, as far as they are able, both their sons and their daughters. The mother has already succeeded as far as concerns her daughter; by her persevering importunity, she has, at length, overcome the father’s repugnance. A man, who, every evening, after the troubles of business, and the warfare of the world, finds strife also at home, may certainly resist for a time, but he must necessarily give in at last, or he will be allowed neither time, cessation, rest, or refuge. His own house becomes uninhabitable. His wife having nothing to expect at the confessional but harsh treatment, as long as she does not succeed, will wage against him every day and every hour the war they wage against her; a gentle one, perhaps, politely bitter, implacable, and obstinate. She grumbles at the fireside, is low-spirited at table, and never opens her mouth, either to speak or to eat; then at bed time, the inevitable repetition of the lesson she has

learned, even on the pillow. The same sound of the same bell for ever and ever; who could withstand it? What is to be done? Give in, or become mad!' pp. 148—50.

And thus the slavery is perpetuated. Thus are the thoughts, the concerns, the most secret, the most domestic, the most vital to the honour, safety and interest of every man put at the mercy of the black emissaries of a foreign prince, who has the names even of all school-girls who distinguish themselves for ability regularly sent to Rome to be registered there for future use, that is, to make tools of them when necessary against their husbands, brothers, fathers, and country. Let us thank God that this pestilence has not yet regained its hideous ascendancy in this country, and for the hope that it never will. That our domestic hearths are yet free from this most intolerable of curses; that we can repose the dearest secrets of our bosoms in those of our wives, without a fear that some cowed master of the black art may steal into our dwelling in our absence, to draw them thence, aye, by threats of eternal damnation, if necessary, to grin over in fiendish mockery, or to employ them to our ruin. Yet it is for this end that the ceaseless and most strenuous efforts of the whole catholic world, of the whole army of Jesuits are daily directed against England, that wealthiest of nations, that prize so desirable for the poor exchequer of Rome.

M. Michelet having made this masterly *exposé* of the priestcraft of France, takes a more comprehensive subject—The People. This work, as dealing with the French people, must be very interesting to us, because, though the circumstances of France and England are different, we find, on following M. Michelet's details, that the same political and social causes in both countries go on producing the same effects. He finds a decided tendency to centralization and aristocratic absorption of property. The lands which at the Revolution were rent away from the old noblesse and distributed amongst the people, notwithstanding the extreme attachment of the small proprietors to their little possessions gradually, by loans of money, and then by sales, returning to the hands of a few. He traces, what he calls the bondage of the different classes—of the artizan to machinery, the ordinary workman to his habits and ambition of rising out of his class, of the manufacturer to the intense competition with England and other nations; the tradesman, again, by competition which drives him to adulterate and deceive; the official to the same cause, competition for all sorts of offices, and hence low salaries and the temptation to bribery. France, according to Michelet, is ill at ease in her social condition. 'Bondage!' he exclaims, 'heavy bondage! I find it among the high and the low in every degree, crushing the

most worthy, the most humble, the most deserving! I do not speak of another kind, of an oblique, indirect dependency, which, beginning high, descends low, weighs heavily, penetrates, enters into details, inquiries, and wants to tyrannize even over the very soul.' In what then does this bondage consist? In a universal ambition to be more than circumstances allow. That same feverish ambition of wealth and station, and distinction which is just as rife on this side of the channel—the fatal disease of aristocratic rivalry engendered by a false condition of things springing up between great possessions and glittering titles, and the acquisition of fortunes which may give those. Europe has yet to pass through this fermentation of a spurious emulation till it finds how empty and joyless it is, and the wise set the example of a return to simplicity, nature, and content. How exactly is the condition of both countries alike in this respect:—

'The more wealthy class become more and more distant; they pass some time in the country, but do not settle there; their home is in town. They leave the field open to the village banker and the lawyer, the secret confessor of all, who preys on all. 'I will no longer have any dealings with these people,' says the proprietor; 'the notary shall arrange every thing; I leave it with him; he shall settle with me, and give out and divide the rent as he pleases.' The notary, in many places, thus becomes the sole farmer, the only medium between the rich proprietor and the labourer. A great misfortune for the peasant. To escape from the thralldom of the proprietor, who would generally wait, and was long satisfied with promises—he has taken for his master the lawyer, the monied man, who knows only when a bill is due.'—p. 39.

Is it better with the manufacturing population?

'We must enter the manufactory while it is working, and then we understand how that silence, that captivity during long hours, enjoin at their exit, noise, cries, and movement, for the re-establishment of the vital equilibrium. That is especially true of the great spinning and weaving workshop—that real hell of *ennui*. *Ever, ever, ever*, is the unvarying sound thundering in your ears from the automatic rumbling of wheels shaking the very floor. Never can one get habituated to it. At the end of twenty years, as on the first day, the *ennui*, the giddiness, and the nausea, are the same. Does the heart beat in that crowd? Very little; its action is as if suspended; it seems during those long hours, as if another heart, common to all, has taken its place—a metallic, indifferent, pitiless heart;—and that this loud rumbling noise, deafening in its regularity, is only its beating. The solitary task of the weaver was far less painful. Why? Because he could muse. Machinery allows no reverie, no musing.'—p. 57.

Of all the officials, the worst paid, according to M. Michelet, is the schoolmaster. The government system of education does not answer in France.

' A baker's boy, in Paris, earns more than two custom-house officers ; more than a lieutenant of infantry ; more than many a magistrate ; more than the majority of professors ; *he earns as much as six parish schoolmasters !*

' Shame ! shame ! the nation that pays the least to those that instruct the people—let us blush to confess it—is France. I speak of the France of these days. On the contrary, the true France, that of the Revolution, declared that teaching was a holy office, that the schoolmaster was equal to the priest. It laid down the principle that the first expense of the state was instruction. The Convention, in its terrible penury, wished to give fifty-four millions of francs to primary instruction, and would certainly have done so, had it lasted longer. A singular age, when men called themselves materialists, but which was, in reality, the apotheosis of the mind, the reign of the spirit.

' I do not conceal it ; of all the miseries of the present day, there is not one that grieves me more. The most deserving, the most miserable, the most neglected man in France is the parish schoolmaster. M. Lorrain, in his '*Tableau de l'Instruction Primaire*,' an official work of the highest importance, in which he gives a summary of the reports of four hundred and ninety inspectors, who visited all the schools in 1833, cannot find expressions strong enough to describe the state of misery and abjectness in which he found our teachers. He declares that some get altogether but one hundred francs, some sixty, others fifty,—two pounds a-year ! Moreover, they have to wait a long time for payment, which often is not forth-coming ! They are not paid in money ; every family sets apart the worst of the crop for the schoolmaster, *who goes on Sunday to beg at every door with a sack on his back* : he is not welcome when he claims his small lot of potatoes, *they find he is robbing the pigs !* &c. Since these official reports new schools have been erected, but the fate of the old masters has not improved. Let us hope that the Chamber of Deputies will grant this year the increase of a hundred francs, which last year was demanded in vain.'—p. 100.

M. Michelet complains that the *bourgeoisie*, the middle class, is a failure in France, a spurious mongrel class, aping a nobility, and despising the people out of which it is sprung.

' It is not we who say so, but itself. The most melancholy confessions escape it about its own rapid decline, and that of France, whom it drags down with it.'—p. 107.

' We have seen this man of to-day decrease at every step that seemed to exalt him. When a peasant, he had austere morals, sobriety, and economy ; when a workman he was a good companion and a great help to his family ; when a manufacturer, he was active, energetic, and had his manufacturing patriotism, which struggled against foreign industry. He has left all that on the road, and nothing has taken its place : his house is filled ; his coffer is full, his soul is—empty.'—p. 114.

M. Michelet complains that the old agricultural associations of France are falling into decay ; he has no faith in communism :

'As to communism, one word will suffice. The last country in which property will be abolished, will be precisely France. If, as some one of that school said, 'Property is nothing but a theft,' we have here twenty-five millions of thieves, who will not refund in a day.' p. 111.

To what, then, does M. Michelet look for the salvation of society in his country? First to war, a French fascination, but unworthy of the generally humane spirit and enlightened views of our author, and most inconsistent with his other remedies—Nature and Love. Nature and Love! beautiful words and soon spoken, not so soon brought into general operation. We must look for a remedy in another medium, or at least in love producing another means of renovation—the general, sound, and Christian education of the people. It is only in proportion as the mass of the people advances in true knowledge, so as to perceive the advantages of union, and to feel the beauty of moral principle, that they will assert their own rights with that deliberate strength and justice which are omnipotent. As they approach nearer and nearer to this condition, they will more and more exert a salutary influence on society at large. They will claim and secure a more equal share of the fruits of their industry. Thus putting a check on the present inordinate tendency of capital to run into enormous masses, so leaving enormous masses of destitution in other quarters of society! Contented, as they always show themselves, with their due share of prosperity, the charms of reading and of domestic life will place them in a position not to envy, but to look down upon the frivolous pleasures of the luxurious classes. This is the only radical cure for the present evils of society—enlighten, moralize, and make happy. We are glad that M. Michelet, born and educated amongst them, bears such ample testimony to the sound heart and many virtues of the working and peasant classes of France. It is our own experience of the same classes in this country, and affords the most encouraging ground to the unwearying efforts of the schoolmaster and the philanthropist. When we have a good, sound soil to work in, what may we not do? If the crop which is raised from it be not good, it will be the fault of sowing bad seed and tending it badly in its growth. M. Michelet denies the correctness of the common pictures of French society drawn by their novelists. He declares them monstrosities and exceptions. Above all, he relies, in the highest degree, on the moral power of rightly-instructed woman—on the enlightened mother. 'She will tell her child the three revelations she has received. How Rome taught her the Just, Greece the Beautiful, and Judea the Holy. She will connect

her last lesson with the first—the one taught him *God*, the other will teach him the dogma of love,—*God in man*—Christianity.'

With many French characteristics, some vapouring, a great deal of jealousy of England, and the sad crotchet of the benefits of war, M. Michelet still displays a fine and generous mind; the spirit of the philosophy of love; the spirit of popular advance; in a word, he is a writer whom all should read, and whom no one can read without being the better for it.

Of the third work in our list, 'The Jesuits,' we need only say that it is worthy of its title and of its united authors, M. M. Michelet and Quinet.

Art. VIII.—*A Harmony of the Four Gospels, in Greek, according to the text of Hahn, newly arranged, with explanatory notes.* By Edward Robinson, D.D., L.L.D. Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, &c. &c. Boston: Crocker and Brewster; London, Wiley and Putnam. 1845.

WE have fallen in with no work of recent date, which has more forcibly reminded us than this has, of the old proverb: 'Good wine needs no bush.' A brief inspection of it will satisfy every competent inquirer, that it is a volume of extraordinary merit. Dr. Robinson has not only taken most elaborate pains to arrange the matter of the several gospels as nearly in chronological order as the known chronological vestiges admit, but he has furnished an appendix of instructive valuable notes, in which the reasons which have guided his judgment in cases of difficulty are very satisfactorily elucidated. From these notes it is evident that the same unwearied patience which he had previously, for a series of years, exercised in clearing up the *dubia vexata* of sacred geography, has been applied to this more recent subject of his studies; and when we add, that there really seems to be no recent work upon the Gospels which has escaped his notice, those of our readers who are acquainted with the interest which during the last ten years the Gospel history has attracted in Germany, will at once perceive that he has undertaken a herculean labour, with herculean industry and perseverance. Various questions have suggested themselves to our minds while perusing his notes, which have strongly urged us to defer our review of the work till we could enter more comprehensively and completely into the illustration of its merits, but since the future is always an uncertainty, and we know from experience that future leisure is well nigh the greatest of all uncertainties, we feel that we act more justly towards the work itself, and better consult the interests

of Biblical students, by an immediate, though necessarily, a brief and somewhat perfunctory notice.

Our readers are probably not ignorant of the different systems on which harmonies have been arranged, or of the different data which have been made the basis of arrangement. Some, as Andrew Osiauder, and in more recent times, Macknight, have assumed that each of the evangelists has followed the order of time in his narrative, and have arranged accordingly. Others, too numerous to mention, have with far greater probability—a probability indeed all but demonstrative—affirmed that similarity of subject has frequently caused facts or discourses to be connected, or consecutively narrated in the gospels, which had no such connexion in reality. Some, again, as Clement of Alexandria and Origen in ancient times, and Priestley among the moderns, supposed that our Lord's ministry continued little more than twelve months, while others, with greater perspicuity in detecting and interpreting the indexes of times and seasons, have extended it to a period of nearly four years. But we need not dilate on these differences, which are discussed or touched upon in various elementary books.* The basis of Dr. Robinson's arrangement is stated, in our opinion, very satisfactorily in his introductory note:

'The gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke, along with many diversities, have nevertheless a striking affinity with each other in their general features of time and place. But, when compared with John's gospel, there is seen to be a diversity no less striking between them and the latter, not only in respect to chronology, but likewise as to the part of the country where our Lord's discourses and mighty works mainly occurred. The three speak only of one passover, that at which Jesus suffered; and from this it would follow, that our Lord's ministry continued at most only about six months. John expressly enumerates three passovers, and more probably four, during Christ's ministry; which therefore must have had a duration of at least two-and-a-half years, and more probably of three-and-a-half. Again, Matthew, Mark, and Luke, place the scene of Jesus's public ministrations chiefly in Galilee; whence he goes up to Jerusalem only just before his death. John, on the other hand, narrates the miracles and discourses of our Lord, as occurring principally at Jerusalem, on various former occasions as well as at his last visit.

'The first difference is at once set aside by the remark, that although the three evangelists do expressly mention only one passover, yet they do not any where, nor in any way, affirm, or even imply, that

* The late Dr. Lant Carpenter, in particular, has in a small 12mo. volume, on the Geography of the New Testament, which has passed through several editions, given outlines of our Lord's history, in accordance both with the shorter term contended for by Priestley and the usual longer computation.

there were no more ; while the testimony of John is express and definite. And further, the incident narrated by all the three writers, of the disciples plucking ripe ears of grain as they went through the fields, necessarily pre-supposes the recent occurrence of a passover during our Lord's ministry, different from the one at which he suffered ; and this is further confirmed by Luke's mention of the *σάββατον διαισκόπων* in the same connection. See Matthew xii. 1. Mark ii. 23. Luke vi. 1. See also notes on sections 35, 37.

' This difference being thus satisfactorily explained, the existence of the second difference is of course accounted for. If John is right in enumerating several passovers, he is right in narrating what took place at Jerusalem on those occasions. But more than this, we find in the other evangelists several things in which they too seem to allude to earlier visits and labours of Jesus in the holy city. So the language in which our Lord laments over Jerusalem, as having rejected his offers, Matthew xxiii. 37 ; Luke xiii. 34. So too, the mention of Scribes and Pharisees from Jerusalem, who seek to catch him in his words, Matthew iv. 25, xv. 1 ; and further, his intimate relations with the family of Lazarus, Luke x. 38, 39 ; compare John xi. 1, 2. See, generally, Neander's *Leben Jesu*, p. 384, sq. 3te. Ausg.

' For these reasons, I do not hesitate to follow, with most other commentators, the chronology of John's gospel, and assign to our Lord's ministry four passovers, at a duration of three and a half years. The second of these passovers, which is less certain than the rest, and depends on the interpretation of John v. 1, will be considered in its place. See note, on section 36.

' The gospels, and especially the first three, can in no sense be regarded as methodical annals. It is therefore difficult, and perhaps impossible, so to harmonise them, in respect to time, as in all cases to arrive at results which shall be entirely certain and satisfactory.

' There is often no definite note of time, and then we can proceed only upon conjecture, founded on a careful comparison of all the circumstances. In such cases, the decision must depend very much upon the judgment and taste of the harmonist ; and what to one person may appear probable and appropriate, may seem less so to another.

' It is the aim of the present work, not so much to ascertain and fix the true and precise chronological order, (although this object is not neglected,) as to place side by side the different narratives of the same events, in an order which may be regarded as at least a probable one. In so doing I may hope to exhibit the legitimate uses of a harmony, and accomplish a threefold purpose, viz. to make the evangelists their own best interpreters ; to show how wonderfully they are supplemental to each other in minute as well as important particulars, and in this way to bring out fully and clearly, the fundamental characteristic of their testimony, *UNITY IN DIVERSITY.*' pp. 179, 180.

The careful student of the gospel history will accordingly find in this work a worthy companion to the harmonies of Griesbach,

De Wette and Lücke, Kaiser, Clausen, and Greswell. It possesses in our judgment some advantages over all of them. Though, not like the various editions of Griesbach's harmony, (the best of which is that edited by the late Maurice Rödiger in 1829,) accompanied with any selection of various readings, or printed, like that of Greswell, with a view to the exact comparison of the words and phrases employed by the several evangelists, these disadvantages are more than compensated by the illustrative notes to which we have referred, and which perhaps as much excel the dissertations of Greswell in judgment, as they fall short of them in extent. So lucid however is the arrangement, and so clear the press-work of the present volume, that it is rarely more difficult to compare the phraseology of the several evangelists, when using it, than when using Mr. Greswell's remarkably perspicuous and elegant volume. It has also a marked advantage over the harmonies of Griesbach, and De Wette and Lücke, that it includes all the gospels. Theirs, by incorporating mere selections from John's gospel, have evaded some of the principal difficulties of the gospel history, as *e. g.* the conciliation of Luke, ix. 51; xviii. 4, with John, vii. 10.

Dr. Robinson has distributed the matter of the gospels under nine general parts. These are:—

PART I.—'Events connected with the birth and childhood of our Lord.' TIME: *about thirteen and a-half years.*

PART II.—'Announcement and introduction of our Lord's public ministry.' TIME: *about one year.*

PART III.—'Our Lord's first passover, and the subsequent transactions until the second,' TIME: *one year.*

PART IV.—'Our Lord's second passover, and the subsequent transactions until the third.' TIME: *one year.*

PART V.—'From our Lord's third passover, until his final departure from Gallilee at the festival of tabernacles.' TIME: *six months.*

PART VI.—'The festival of tabernacles and the subsequent transactions until our Lord's arrival at Bethany, six days before the fourth passover.' TIME: *six months less one week.*

PART VII.—'Our Lord's public entry into Jerusalem, and the subsequent transactions before the fourth passover.' TIME: *five days.*

PART VIII.—'The fourth passover; our Lord's passion; and the accompanying events until the end of the Jewish sabbath.' TIME: *Two days.*

PART IX.—'Our Lord's resurrection; his subsequent appearances, and his ascension.' TIME: *forty days.*

These nine parts are again subdivided into 173 sections, under each of which, as might be expected from Dr. Robinson's known

predilection for geography, the place where the several events occurred is distinctly noted. In the number of sections our harmonist very nearly coincides with De Wette and Lücke, who have 171, under six parts. Griesbach, (Rödiger) has but 150, under six parts. Clausen makes 147, without any general distribution of time. Kaiser increases them to 199.

Among the principal subjects elucidated in Dr. Robinson's notes, and on some of which he has thrown much light, may be named—our Lord's genealogies, pp. 183-187, his baptism and temptation, p. 187; the cleansing of the temple, pp. 188, 189; the festival spoken of in John, v. 1. (whether it was the passover) pp. 190-192; the Sermon on the Mount, pp. 192-3; the Demoniacs of Gadara, p. 195; the difficulties which attend the harmonizing of John, vii. 10, with Luke, ix. 51—xviii. 14, pp. 198, 202; the blind man at Jericho, p. 204; our Lord's arrival at Bethany, p. 206; the discourse on the mount of Olives, pp. 208, 9; the supper at Bethany, p. 210; the first day of unleavened bread, p. 211; the passover, (a very elaborate note) pp. 211, 224; and Peter's denials, pp. 225, 6. We must own some surprise that the difficult question respecting Judas's participation of the Lord's supper, should have been left unnoticed.

Our readers will obtain some idea of the manner in which these several matters are discussed, from section 144, which relates to the place and circumstances of Peter's denials.

'An oriental house is usually built around a quadrangular interior court; into which there is a passage (sometimes arched) through the front part of the house, closed next the street by a heavy folding gate, with a smaller wicket for single persons, kept by a porter. In the text, the interior court, often paved or flagged, and open to the sky, is the *αὐλή*, where the attendants made a fire, and the passage beneath the front of the house, from the street to this court, is the *προαύλιον* or *πυλῶν*. The place where Jesus stood before the high priest, may have been an open room, or place of audience on the ground floor, in the rear at one side of the court; such rooms, open in front, being customary. It was close upon the court; for Jesus heard all that was going on around the fire; and turned and looked upon Peter; Luke, xxii. 61.

'Peter's *first* denial took place at the fire in the middle of the court, on his being questioned by the female porter. Peter then, according to Matthew and Mark, retreats into the passage leading to the street (*πυλῶν*, *προαύλιον*), where he is again questioned, and makes his *second* denial. Luke and John do not specify the place. The evangelists differ in their statements here, as to the person who now questioned him. Mark says the same maid, *ἡ παιδίσκη*, saw him again (*πάλιν*) and began to question him, v. 69; Matthew has *ἄλλη*, another maid, v. 71; Luke writes *ἕτερος*, another person or another man, *ἄνθρωπος*, v. 58; while John uses the indefinite form *εἶπον*, *they said*. As, ac-

according to Matthew, (v. 71), and Mark, (v. 69), there were several persons present, Peter may have been interrogated by several. The *third* denial took place an hour after, probably near the fire, or at least within the court, where our Lord and Peter could see each other. Luke, xxii. 61. Here Matthew and Mark speak of several interrogators. Luke has ἄλλος τις, and John specifies the servant of the high priest.

'The three denials are here placed together for convenience, although during the intervals between them the examination of Jesus was going on before the high priest; the progress of which is given in section 145.

'Mark relates that the cock crowed *twice*, v. 68, 72; the others speak only of his crowing *once*. This accords also with their respective accounts of our Lord's prophecy; see section 136. The cock often crows irregularly about midnight, or not long after, and again, always and regularly about the third hour, or day-break. When therefore the 'cock-crowing' is spoken of alone, this last is always meant. Hence, the name ἀλεκτοροφωνία, *cock-crowing*, for the third watch of the night, which ended at the third hour after midnight; Mark, xiii. 35. Mark therefore here relates more definitively; the others more generally,' pp. 225, 226.

It is well known that some of the greatest difficulties which the gospel history presents, relate to the narratives respecting our Lord's resurrection. Dr. Robinson truly states, that these difficulties have their cause in the fact that each evangelist 'here follows an *eclectic* method, and records only what appertained to his own particular purpose or experience. Thus, many of the minor and connecting facts have not been preserved; and the data are therefore wanting to make out a full and complete harmony of all the accounts, without an occasional resort to something of hypothesis.' On this subject, the great point of attack with many infidels, on which J. D. Michaelis wrote a considerable volume, and which some of our own countrymen, (among whom we may with advantage specify Gilbert West, and Dr. Townson), have discussed, with marked ability as well as pains, it will not be without interest if we append a portion, for we cannot give the whole, of Dr. Robinson's summary, in section 159.

'The resurrection took place at or before early dawn on the first day of the week; when there was an earthquake, and an angel descended and rolled away the stone from the sepulchre, and sat upon it; so that the keepers became as dead men from terror. At early dawn the same morning, the women who had attended on Jesus, viz. Mary Magdalene, Mary, the mother of James, Joanna, Salome and others, went out with spices to the sepulchre, in order further to embalm the Lord's body. They enquire among themselves who should remove for them the stone which closed the sepulchre. On their arri-

val they find the stone already taken away. The Lord had risen. The women, knowing nothing of all that had taken place, were amazed; they enter the tomb, and find not the body of the Lord, and are greatly perplexed. At this time Mary Magdalene, impressed with the idea that the body had been stolen away, leaves the sepulchre and the other women, and runs to the city to tell Peter and John.

'The other women remain still in the tomb; and immediately two angels appear who announce unto them that Jesus is risen from the dead, and give them a charge in his name for the apostles. They go out quickly from the sepulchre, and proceed in haste to the city to make this known to the disciples; on the way Jesus meets them, permits them to embrace his feet, and renews the same charge to the apostles. The women relate these things to the disciples; but their words seem to them as idle tales, and they believe them not.

'Meantime, Peter and John had run to the sepulchre, and entering in, had found it empty. But the orderly arrangement of the grave-clothes, and of the napkin, convinced John that the body had not been removed either by violence or by friends; and the germ of a belief sprung up in his mind that the Lord had risen. The two returned to the city. Mary Magdalene, who had again followed them to the sepulchre, remained standing and weeping before it: and looking in, she saw two angels sitting. Turning around, she sees Jesus, who gives to her also a solemn charge for his disciples.

'The further sequence of events, consisting chiefly of our Lord's appearances, presents comparatively few difficulties.' pp. 228, 9.

The preceding extracts, though they convey a very imperfect idea of the value of this harmony and its elucidations, will yet, we trust, suffice to show that it is not unworthy of Dr. Robinson, and that the peculiar and minute discernment of the author is well put forth and exemplified in it. We need not say that the work has our heartiest recommendation. To biblical students it will be an exceedingly valuable acquisition. Before laying down our pen, we would also take the opportunity, as we have mentioned Rödiger's reprint of Griesbach, to say that it is enriched with a very useful preface of 22 pages, illustrative of the principles of the harmony and the various readings, and an appendix, partly critical and partly elucidatory of the labours of other modern harmonists. Clausen's '*Quatuor Evangeliorum Tabulæ Synopticæ*,' Copenhagen, 1829, is also well adapted both to stimulate and reward the student's industry.

Art. IX.—*Narrative of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, in the Year 1842, and to Oregon and North California, in the Years 1843—44.* By Brevet Captain J. C. Fremont. 8vo. London: Wiley and Putnam.

THE immense region west of the Rocky Mountains extending to the Pacific Ocean, and bounded by the Russian frontier on the north, and by California on the south, is now associated with such important political interests, as to attract general attention, and to increase greatly the importance of correct knowledge. Several exploring tours of the western portion of the American continent, have taken place during the present century. Little, however, has been known in this country, of the region which is now matter of dispute between the States and our own government; and we, therefore, cordially welcome every contribution, on the veracity of which reliance may be placed. On this account we are gratified by the republication of Captain Fremont's 'Narrative,' and hasten to introduce it to the favourable notice of our readers. His volume contains, in a condensed form, a narrative of two expeditions conducted under the sanction and at the expense of the American government. The first embraced the country lying between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains, on the line of the Kansas and Great Platte Rivers, and occupied from the 2d of May to the 29th of October, 1842. The second expedition was directed to Oregon and North California, and was designed to connect the *reconnaissance* of 1842 with the surveys which had been made on the coast of the Pacific Ocean, so as to secure a connected view of the interior of the American continent. It was commenced early in the spring of 1843, and brought to a close about the end of summer in the following year. The information supplied throughout the two narratives, though not satisfying all the enquiries we are disposed to make, is yet valuable, and in many respects interesting. It could, indeed, scarcely be otherwise, considering the regions traversed. Nature was found in her wildest and most untrammelled form, without any memorials of a former age, save vast forests, and the interminable feuds of Indian tribes. The expedition required much physical strength, great courage, and no common skill, in meeting the contingencies which daily arose. These were pre-eminently possessed by Captain Fremont, in happy combination with the knowledge which enabled him to bring from the comparatively unknown region he visited, important contributions to the sciences of astronomy, geography, botany, and geology.

The party consisted principally of Creole and Canadian *voyageurs*, who had been familiarized to prairie life in the service of various fur companies. They were between twenty and thirty in number, and, with the exception of eight, who conducted the cars containing stores and scientific instruments, were all well armed and mounted. The order of procedure was regulated by the circumstances of the case, and in general was as follows :—

‘During our journey, it was the customary practice to encamp an hour or two before sunset, when the carts were disposed so as to form a sort of barricade around a circle some eighty yards in diameter. The tents were pitched, and the horses hobbled and turned loose to graze; and but a few minutes elapsed before the cooks of the messes, of which there were but four, were busily engaged in preparing the evening meal. At nightfall, the horses, mules, and oxen, were driven in and picketed—that is, secured by a halter, of which one end was tied to a small steel-shod picket, and driven into the ground; the halter being twenty or thirty feet long, which enabled them to obtain a little food during the night. When we had reached a part of the country where such a precaution became necessary, the carts being regularly arranged for defending the camp, guard was mounted at eight o’clock, consisting of three men, who were relieved every two hours; the morning watch being horse-guard for the day. At day-break, the camp was roused, the animals turned loose to graze, and breakfast generally over between six and seven o’clock, when we resumed our march, making regularly a halt at noon for one or two hours.’ pp. 6—7.

By the middle of June the party had arrived at the Indian country, and it became necessary to prepare against the chances of the wilderness. This was done with considerable skill and the happiest results. Though surrounded by hostile tribes, who regarded their appearance with mistrust, they advanced without serious casualty, and completed their mission without any of those sanguinary encounters which were to be apprehended. We should have been glad of more definite information respecting the Indian nations visited,—their numbers, habits, and prospects, the history of the past and the probabilities of the future. But such enquiries were beside the object of our traveller’s mission, and we must, therefore, be content, on these points, with the incidental notices furnished. It were both unwise and ungrateful to disparage what is communicated, on account of the absence of something else not contemplated in the instructions under which he acted. The monotony of their camp was frequently broken up by false alarms, which, however amusing afterwards, kept them, for the time, in a state of feverish suspense. An instance of this occurred in the early

part of their journey, and is given on page 13, but we prefer transcribing the following, as throwing more light on Indian habits.

‘Journeying along,’ says our author, ‘we came suddenly upon a place where the ground was covered with horses’ tracks, which had been made since the rain, and indicated the immediate presence of Indians in our neighbourhood. The buffalo, too, which the day before had been so numerous, were nowhere in sight—another sure indication that there were people near. Riding on, we discovered the carcass of a buffalo recently killed—perhaps the day before. We scanned the horizon carefully with the glass, but no living object was to be seen. For the next mile or two, the ground was dotted with buffalo carcasses, which showed that the Indians had made a surround here, and were in considerable force. We went on quickly and cautiously, keeping the river bottom, and carefully avoiding the hills: but we met with no interruption, and began to grow careless again. We had already lost one of our horses, and here Basil’s mule showed symptoms of giving out, and finally refused to advance, being what the Canadians call *resté*. He therefore dismounted, and drove her along before him; but this was a very slow way of travelling. We had inadvertently got about half a mile in advance, but our Cheyennes, who were generally a mile or two in the rear, remained with him. There were some dark-looking objects among the hills, about two miles to the left, here low and undulating, which we had seen for a little time, and supposed to be buffalo coming in to water; but, happening to look behind, Maxwell saw the Cheyennes whipping up furiously, and another glance at the dark objects showed them at once to be Indians coming up at full speed.

‘Had we been well mounted, and disencumbered of instruments, we might have set them at defiance; but as it was, we were fairly caught. It was too late to rejoin our friends, and we endeavoured to gain a clump of timber about half-a-mile ahead; but the instruments, and the tired state of our horses, did not allow us to go faster than a steady canter, and they were gaining on us fast. At first, they did not appear to be more than fifteen or twenty in number, but group after group darted into view at the top of the hills, until all the little eminences seemed in motion, and, in a few minutes from the time they were first discovered, two hundred to three hundred, naked to the breech cloth, were sweeping across the prairie. In a few hundred yards we discovered that the timber we were endeavouring to make was on the opposite side of the river; and before we could reach the bank, down came the Indians upon us.

‘I am inclined to think that in a few seconds more the leading man, and perhaps some of his companions, would have rolled in the dust; for we had jerked the covers from our guns, and our fingers were on the triggers. Men in such cases generally act from instinct, and a charge from three hundred naked savages is a circumstance not well calculated to promote a cool exercise of judgment. Just as he was

about to fire, Maxwell recognised the leading Indian, and shouted to him in the Indian language, 'Your'e a fool, G— damn you, don't you know me?' The sound of his own language seemed to shock the savage, and, swerving his horse a little, he passed us like an arrow. He wheeled, as I rode out toward him, and gave me his hand, striking his breast and exclaiming 'Arapahó!' They proved to be a village of that nation, among whom Maxwell had resided as a trader a year or two previously, and recognized him accordingly. We were soon in the midst of the band, answering as well as we could a multitude of questions; of which the very first was, of what tribe were our Indian companions who were coming in the rear. They seemed disappointed to know that they were Cheyennes, for they had fully anticipated a grand dance around a Pawnee scalp at night.'—pp.26—28.

Occasionally they met with a party of emigrants or of trappers, and in the interchange of kind offices, and the communication of news respecting the opposite points from which they were proceeding, renewed their intercourse with civilized life, and learned something of the dangers, or of the excitements, which awaited them. On the 28th of June, they fell in with a party of this kind, fifteen in number, whose 'forlorn and vagabond appearance' excited their laughter, and from whom they received the welcome intelligence that the buffalo were abundant some two days' march in advance. This intelligence was soon verified. At a considerable distance 'a dull and confused murmuring' was heard, and when the caravan came in sight of the dark masses, 'there was not,' says Captain Fremont, 'one among us who did not feel his heart beat quicker. Indians and buffalo make the poetry and life of the prairie, and our camp was full of their exhilaration.' We need scarcely say, that the promptings of hunger were not requisite to stimulate to the chase. The resolution of attacking the herd was soon taken, and the following sketch gives the idea of much less danger than some popular writers have associated with similar adventures.

'As we were riding quietly along the bank, a grand herd of buffalo, some seven or eight hundred in number, came crowding up from the river, where they had been to drink, and commenced crossing the plain slowly, eating as they went. The wind was favourable; the coolness of the morning invited to exercise; the ground was apparently good, and the distance across the prairie (two or three miles) gave us a fine opportunity to charge them before they could get among the river hills. It was too fine a prospect for a chase to be lost: and, halting for a few moments, the hunters were brought up and saddled, and Kit Carson, Maxwell, and I, started together. They were now somewhat less than half-a-mile distant, and we rode easily along until within about three hundred yards, when a sudden agitation,

a wavering in the band, and a galloping to and fro of some which were scattered along the skirts, gave us the intimation that we were discovered. We started together at a hand gallop, riding steadily abreast of each other, and here the interest of the chase became so engrossingly intense, that we were sensible to nothing else. We were now closing upon them rapidly, and the front of the mass was already in rapid motion for the hills, and in a few seconds the movement had communicated itself to the whole herd.

'A crowd of bulls, as usual, brought up the rear, and every now and then some of them faced about, and then dashed on after the band a short distance, and turned and looked again, as if more than half inclined to stand and fight. In a few moments, however, during which we had been quickening our pace, the rout was universal, and we were going over the ground like a hurricane. When at about thirty yards, we gave the usual shout (the hunter's *pas de charge*), and broke into the herd. We entered on the side, the mass giving way in every direction in their heedless course. Many of the bulls, less active and less fleet than the cows, paying no attention to the ground, and occupied solely with the hunter, were precipitated to the earth with great force, rolling over and over with the violence of the shock, and hardly distinguishable in the dust. We separated on entering, each singling out his game.

'My horse was a trained hunter, famous in the west under the name of Proveau, and, with his eyes flashing, and the foam flying from his mouth, sprang on after the cow like a tiger. In a few moments he brought me alongside of her, and, rising in the stirrups, I fired at the distance of a yard, the ball entering at the termination of the long hair, and passing near the heart. She fell headlong at the report of the gun, and, checking my horse, I looked around for my companions. At a little distance Kit was on the ground, engaged in tying his horse to the horns of a cow which he was preparing to cut up. Among the scattered bands, at some distance below, I caught a glimpse of Maxwell; and, while I was looking, a light wreath of white smoke curled away from his gun, from which I was too far to hear the report. Nearer, and between me and the hills, towards which they were directing their course, was the body of the herd, and, giving my horse the rein, we dashed after them. A thick cloud of dust hung upon their rear, which filled my mouth and eyes, and nearly smothered me. In the midst of this I could see nothing, and the buffalo were not distinguishable until within thirty feet. They crowded together more densely still as I came upon them, and rushed along in such a compact body, that I could not obtain an entrance—the horse almost leaping upon them. In a few moments the mass divided to the right and left, the horns clattering with a noise heard above everything else, and my horse darted into the opening. Five or six bulls charged on us as we dashed along the line, but were left far behind; and, singling out a cow, I gave her my fire, but struck too high. She gave a tremendous leap, and scoured on swifter than before. I reined up my horse, and the band swept on like a torrent,

and left the place quiet and clear. Our chase had led us into dangerous ground.'—pp. 17—19.

Troops of wolves hung on the skirts of the buffalo herd, and were seen in the morning at a short distance from the camp, waiting the departure of their human foes. They calculated on the refuse of the victims of the former days' hunt, and, probably, were not disappointed. Even the animal creation knows enough of man, to be assured of what follows when he comes in contact with the denizen of the forest or of the plain. His powers of destruction are appreciated, and the inferior tribes await his retirement from the scene of slaughter, in expectation of being gorged by the remains of his feast.

On the 13th of July, the party arrived at Fort Laramie, one of the posts of the American Fur Company, and the account given of the barter trade carried on with the Indians, affords a painful confirmation of the reports which had previously reached us. The use of intoxicating liquors is represented as general, and the passion of the natives for it most intense and inordinate. 'A keg of it,' says Captain Fremont, 'will purchase from an Indian everything that he possesses—his furs, his lodge, his horses, and even his wife and children.' This state of things affords great facilities to the pedlar, and renders it exceedingly difficult for the fur company to discountenance, as our author represents them as desirous of doing, the consumption of alcohol. We know not that the existence of such a passion amongst a people like the American Indians need awaken surprise. The excitement of intoxication furnishes the stimulus they need, and enables them, for a moment at least, to rekindle the enthusiasm and hopes formerly cherished. Living on the borders of civilization, without any of its more virtuous tastes and habits, they eagerly avail themselves of the false stimulus which its vices engender. These vices are unhappily fostered by their more criminal visitors. Hundreds and thousands live upon their ruin, careless alike of the social discomfort and personal degradation induced, so that their gains are but advanced. Secure from the observation of the more virtuous members of their own community, they trade on the misery and vices of the untutored savage. During their stay at Fort Laramie, Captain Fremont employed himself in astronomical calculations, and had many opportunities, as the following brief extract shows, of acquainting himself with the habits of the Indians.

'So far as the frequent interruption of the Indians would allow, we occupied ourselves in making some astronomical calculations, and bringing up the general map to this stage of our journey; but the tent was generally occupied by a succession of our ceremonious visi-

tors. Some came for presents, and others for information of our object in coming to the country, now and then, one would dart up to the tent on horseback, jerk off his trappings, and stand silently at the door, holding his horse by the halter, signifying his desire to trade. Occasionally a savage would stalk in with an invitation to a feast of honour, a dog feast, and deliberately sit down and wait quietly until I was ready to accompany him. I went to one; the women and children were sitting outside the lodge, and we took our seats on buffalo robes spread around. The dog was in a large pot over the fire, in the middle of the lodge, and immediately on our arrival was dished up in large wooden bowls, one of which was handed to each. The flesh appeared very glutinous, with something of the flavour and appearance of mutton. Feeling something move behind me, I looked round, and found that I had taken my seat among a litter of fat young puppies. Had I been nice in such matters, the prejudices of civilization might have interfered with my tranquility; but, fortunately, I am not of delicate nerves, and continued quietly to empty my platter.'— p. 45.

From this point of the journey their contact with the Indians became more frequent and alarming. Several parties were out, the Gross Ventre Indians having united with the Oglallahs and Cheyennes, in order to attack the Snake and Crow tribes. Perpetual vigilance was therefore required, and great presence of mind was needful to bear up amidst the discouragements daily encountered. It is no wonder that the Indians regarded the appearance of white men with mistrust, and did all in their power to prevent their advance. The past was too full of warning to permit them to regard the mission of their visitors with complacency. At Forte Platte, 'a number of chiefs, several of them powerful fine-looking men,' presented to Captain Fremont a written remonstrance against his advancing further, alleging, that their young warriors were out, and would not fail to attack his camp. The remonstrance, however, was disregarded, and although a scarcity of water and of grass was subsequently experienced, the adventurous party continued its route. The ascent of the highest peak of the Wind River Mountains was not devoid of interest, though, as in other cases, the narrative given is too bare and skeleton-like to stimulate the imagination. This is a pervading fault of the work, and arises, in some measure, from its character as an official report.

The second 'Narrative' contained in this volume—and to which we can do little more than refer—was by far the most formidable and dangerous. The party was therefore more numerous, and the time occupied much longer than on the prior occasion. Whatever political results may flow from the information obtained, it is quite clear, that a military occupation of

the country by the American people, is almost, if not quite, impossible. The vast distance of the region from the seat of government, and the immense obstacles which present themselves to the conveyance of men and stores, will make a thoughtful people deliberate before they incur the expense and hazard of war for such a prize. The Indians encountered by our travellers on this occasion, were more numerous and warlike than on their former expedition, whilst the severity of the climate added greatly to the difficulties of the mission. Snow fell heavily around them, and marauding parties were on their trail, with a vigilance and perseverance of which an Indian only is capable. 'We had to move all day,' says our author in this part of his journal, 'in a state of watch, and prepared for combat, scouts and flankers out, a front and rear division of our men, and baggage animals in the centre. At night, camp duty was severe. Those who had toiled all day had to guard, by turns, the camp and the horses all night. Frequently one-third of the whole party were on guard at once, and nothing but this vigilance saved us from attack. We were constantly dogged by bands, and even whole tribes of the marauders; and, although Tabeau was killed, and our camp infested and insulted by some, while swarms of them remained on the hills and mountain sides, there was manifestly a consultation and calculation going on to decide the question of attacking us.'

The buffalo, like the Indian, is rapidly disappearing from the country over which he formerly roamed in safety. The American and European trader find their profit in his destruction, and many thousands are in consequence annually slain. Our author furnishes some interesting information on this point, from which we can find room only for the following extract:—

'A great portion of the region inhabited by this nation (the Shoshonee) formerly abounded in game; the buffalo ranging about in herds, as we had found them on the eastern waters, and the plains dotted with scattered bands of antelope: but so rapidly have they disappeared within a few years, that now, as we journeyed along, an occasional buffalo skull and a few wild antelope were all that remained of the abundance which had covered the country with animal life.

'The extraordinary rapidity with which the buffalo is disappearing from our territories will not appear surprising when we remember the great scale on which their destruction is yearly carried on. With inconsiderable exceptions, the business of the American trading boats is carried on in their skins; every year the Indian villages make new lodges, for which the skin of the buffalo furnishes the material; and in that portion of the country where they are still found, the Indians derive their entire support from them, and slaughter them with a thoughtless and abominable extravagance. Like the

Indians themselves, they have been a characteristic of the Great West; and as, like them, they are visibly diminishing, it will be interesting to throw a glance backward through the last twenty years, and give some account of their former distribution through the country, and the limit of their western range.

‘The information is derived principally from Mr. Fitzpatrick, supported by my own personal knowledge and acquaintance with the country. Our knowledge does not go further back than the spring of 1824, at which time the buffalo were spread in immense numbers over the Green river and Bear river valleys, and through all the country lying between the Colorado, or Green river of the gulf of California, and Lewis’s fork of the Columbia river; the meridian of Fort Hall then forming the western limit of their range. The buffalo then remained for many years in that country, and frequently moved down the valley of the Columbia, on both sides of the river, as far as the *Fishing Falls*. Below this point they never descended in any numbers. About the year 1834 or 1835 they began to diminish very rapidly, and continued to decrease until 1838 to 1840, when, with the country we have just described, they entirely abandoned all the waters of the Pacific, north of Lewis’s fork of the Columbia. At that time, the Flathead Indians were in the habit of finding their buffalo on the heads of Salmon river, and other streams of the Columbia; but now they never meet with them farther west than the three forks of the Missouri or the plains of the Yellowstone river.

‘In the course of our journey it will be remarked that the buffalo have not so entirely abandoned the waters of the Pacific, in the Rocky Mountain region south of the Sweet Water, as in the country north of the Great Pass. This partial distribution can only be accounted for in the great pastoral beauty of that country, which bears marks of having long been one of their favourite haunts, and by the fact that the white hunters have more frequented the northern than the southern region—it being north of the South Pass that the hunters, trappers, and traders, have had their rendezvous for many years past; and from that section also the greater portion of the beaver and rich furs were taken, although always the most dangerous as well as the most profitable hunting ground.’ pp 139—141.

This tribe is represented as suffering severely from the loss of their ordinary food. The buffalo was their staple article of food, and, in its absence, they are said to be ‘miserably poor,’ and their figures to be ‘lean and bony.’ Of the Snake Indians a different and more pleasing sketch is given:—

‘Our encampment was about one mile below the *Fishing Falls*, a series of cataracts with very inclined planes, which are probably so named because they form a barrier to the ascent of the salmon; and the greater fisheries, from which the inhabitants of this barren region almost entirely derive a subsistence, commence at this place. These

appeared to be unusually gay savages, fond of loud laughter ; and in their apparent good nature and merry character, struck me as being entirely different from the Indians we had been accustomed to see. From several who visited our camp in the evening, we purchased, in exchange for goods, dried salmon. At this season they are not very fat, but we were easily pleased. The Indians made us comprehend, that when the salmon came up the river in the spring, they are so abundant that they merely throw in the spears at random, certain of bring out a fish.

'These poor people are but slightly provided with winter clothing; there is but little game to furnish skins for the purpose ; and of a little animal which seemed to be the most numerous, it required twenty skins to make a covering to the knees. But they are still a joyous talkative race, who grow fat and become poor with the salmon, which at least never fail them—the dried being used in the absence of the fresh. We are encamped immediately on the river bank, and with the salmon jumping up out of the water, and Indians paddling about in boats made of rushes, or laughing around the fires, the camp to-night has quite a lively appearance.' p. 170.

The following must close our citations. We give it with reluctance, as it painfully illustrates the false morality which is prevalent amongst American citizens, even of the better class. Few of their number can be trusted where an Indian or a negro is concerned. For the narrative, to be understood, it is necessary to say, that two Mexicans, a man and a boy, suddenly entered the camp, having with difficulty escaped from a party of Indians, who had slain four of their number, and possessed themselves of several horses which were under their charge. Captain Fremont received them kindly, and promised them aid, and on the following day, two of his men, with the Mexican, named Fuentes, were sent in pursuit. Fuentes returned at night, his horse having failed, but the other two continued the search. And now for our traveller's narrative and comment :—

'In the afternoon of the next day, a war-whoop was heard, such as Indians make when returning from a victorious enterprise ; and soon Carson and Godey appeared, driving before them a band of horses, recognized by Fuentes to be part of those they had lost. Two bloody scalps, dangling from the end of Godey's gun, announced that they had overtaken the Indians as well as the horses. They informed us, that after Fuentes left them, from the failure of his horse, they continued the pursuit alone, and towards nightfall entered the mountains, into which the trail led. After sunset the moon gave light, and they followed the trail by moonshine until late in the night, when it entered a narrow defile, and was difficult to follow. Afraid of losing it in the darkness of the defile, they tied up their horses,

struck no fire, and lay down to sleep in silence and in darkness. Here they lay from midnight till morning. At daylight they resumed the pursuit, and about sunrise discovered the horses; and, immediately dismounting and tying up their own, they crept cautiously to a rising ground which intervened, from the crest of which they perceived the encampment of four lodges close by. They proceeded quietly, and had got within thirty or forty yards of their object, when a movement among the horses discovered them to the Indians; giving the war shout, they instantly charged into the camp, regardless of the number which the *four* lodges would imply. The Indians received them with a flight of arrows shot from their long bows, one of which passed through Godey's shirt collar, barely missing the neck; our men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched on the ground, fatally pierced with bullets; the rest fled, except a lad that was captured. The scalps of the fallen were instantly stripped off; but in the process, one of them, who had two balls through his body, sprung to his feet, the blood streaming from his skinned head, and uttering a hideous howl. An old squaw, possibly his mother, stopped and looked back from the mountain side she was climbing, threatening and lamenting. The frightful spectacle appalled the stout hearts of our men; but they did what humanity required, and quickly terminated the agonies of the gory savage. They were now masters of the camp, which was a pretty little recess in the mountain, with a fine spring, and apparently safe from all invasion. Great preparations had been made to feast a large party, for it was a very proper place for a rendezvous, and for the celebration of such orgies as robbers of the desert would delight in. Several of the best horses had been killed, skinned, and cut up; for the Indians, living in mountains, and only coming into the plains to rob and murder, make no other use of horses than to eat them. Large earthen vessels were on the fire, boiling and stewing the horse beef; and several baskets, containing fifty or sixty pairs of moccasins, indicated the presence or expectation, of a considerable party. They released the boy, who had given strong evidence of the stoicism, or something else, of the savage character, in commencing his breakfast upon a horse's head as soon as he found he was not be killed, but only tied as a prisoner. Their object accomplished, our men gathered up all the surviving horses, fifteen in number, returned upon their trail, and rejoined us at our camp in the afternoon of the same day. They had rode about one hundred miles in the pursuit and return, and all in thirty hours. The time, place, object, and numbers, considered, this expedition of Carson and Godey may be considered among the boldest and most disinterested which the annals of western adventure, so full of daring deeds, can present. Two men, in a savage desert, pursue day and night an unknown body of Indians into the defiles of an unknown mountain—attack them on sight, without counting numbers—and defeat them in an instant—and for what? To punish the robbers of the desert, and to avenge the wrongs of Mexicans whom they did not know. I repeat: it was Carson and Godey who

did this—the former an *American*, born in the Boonslick county of Missouri; the latter a Frenchman, born in St. Louis—and both trained to western enterprise from early life.’ pp. 285—287.

We need scarcely remark on the commendation here expressed. Our circumstances happily exempt us from the perverting influences to which, on this subject, the American mind is exposed, and we consequently condemn as murder, marked by circumstances of atrocious cruelty, what an officer of the Republic can admire as an act of disinterested and noble daring. When will the conventionalities of a low-minded and barbarian morality, give place to the higher and purer rules of God’s holy law?

We need not describe Captain Fremont’s volume. The extracts given will enable our readers to judge of it for themselves, and our purpose will be answered if their attention be drawn to a region hitherto little known, and to the condition of a people who are rapidly disappearing before a civilization which ought to convey to them the elements of a higher and nobler life.

Art. X.—*Case of Gathercole v. Miall.* Morning Chronicle, April 24, 1846.

Among the subjects which must be brought under revision in the great shaking-up of abuses which the destruction of one grand abuse is bringing in its train, is clearly the law of libel. Men thought it dead like the giant Pagan; or at all events reduced so low, as, like his brother Pope, to be able to do little more than grin at pilgrims as they passed, and hold out intimations of what *would* have been done to them in the good old times. But a spirit of forethought has seized on the rheumatic ogre, and he puts in his claim, by a nimbler grip than was expected of him, not to be forgotten in the day when the people reckon up their enemies.

There is always a law for society, and a law to be executed in spite of society, or for the benefit of society’s foes. The degree in which these genera are co-existent, depends upon the progress which society has made: and the proportion between them, it is the business of law-makers continually to reduce. That one man should not unrighteously, vexatiously, or maliciously, put another to discomfort by printing or writing, is the law society is willing to support. That a thief shall never be discomforted by being caught, and that cause of action shall

exist against all who, by speech or doing, assist to point out or catch him, is the parallel to the law which says no man (thieves included) shall be made uncomfortable. For to this amounts the oral dictum of the sages of the law courts, standing out duly as a proof how easy it is to say by word of mouth what none would dare to write advisedly in a statute.

Society holds together, by making the immoral and dishonest 'exceedingly uncomfortable.' The verdict of a coroner's jury is one of the most discomfiting sounds on earth, to many that could be pointed out. Just such chivalry as would put down this, with nice fence about what might, or might not, be done in the way of giving publicity to it by print or otherwise, is the zeal which would strengthen evil-doers at large by making it penal to make them uneasy. What the judge-made law directs itself against, it is true, is not so much the verdict of a jury, as the outcry of a pursuer. It is the preliminary rather than the conclusive act, which it would try to stop. If every thief may have remedy against whoever lifts up his voice with warning shout, thieftum is the only place benefited, and thieves' interests are all that are promoted. Granted, that once in a way the cry is raised against an honest man, on his way home to carry his wages to his wife and family; but the thing is of comparatively easy remedy, and is a small evil when weighed against the results of punishing systematically the man who cries.

Bad laws are not cured by leaving the decision to bad juries. And it is of the nature of juries to be bad, or at all events to be worse than they might, when law, or what they hear of it, has run in the course of encouraging them to do amiss. Jurymen have the *moles peccati* in them like other men; and are not slow at coming to a tacit understanding, on the unpleasantness of being attacked when in the course of indulging some cherished scheme of what a man cannot quite defend. If laws make one hole, juries will make another; and the object of laws should be, to direct men's thoughts entirely the other way.

How respectable, for instance, would be the law which should instil, that no man had his claim to a verdict as for libel, except on proof that the libel (or *little book*, for that is all it intrinsically means,) was, in the first place, false, and in the next, malicious. The right of civil action for proveable losses caused, might be left open after all. For juries reason coolly on a mere speculation of damages, who would be carried away in a flood of zeal to whichever side it might happen, by the mere name of libel. For example, if a careless man has printed that Mr. Solomon the respectable orange-merchant in the Minorities, is no other than

the celebrated 'Ikey' returned from transportation, this might be just matter of verdict for libel, if proved to be first false, secondly malicious. But if the defendant can establish, that though confessedly a mistake, it was entirely an involuntary one, arising, for instance, out of communications sent to him in the way of his business, and warning him against a certain Solomon who had buzzed for awhile about the Minorities, but had finally settled in Whitechapel; it would be ground for relieving him from the punishment of libel, though if the upright Mr. Solomon could prove that he had lost a valuable partnership by it, he would appear to have as good a claim to civil action for losses, as if defendant's horse had carried him in spite of his teeth through plaintiff's bow-window.

Another ground which wise men take note of, but which is entirely lost sight of in the existing law or in its modern resuscitation, is, that a plaintiff has not a claim for sufferings for ink-blows, where himself has given the provocation. A man is not to rush into the street and jostle against every one he meets, and then run to a magistrate and complain of the libelous pushes and uncomfortable dabs of hostile matter that may have been discharged upon him in his course. The law is for the clean-handed; and if men, under the impulse of human frailty, engage in mutual quarrel, they are not to appeal to the *hautes œuvres* of the libel law, which, if carried into execution at all, must hang up both at once.

This to the general question. But the particular case which has led to its revival now, has also its important bearings.

The case which has brought the law of libel before the public eye, is less remarkable from its own circumstances, than from the exhibition of judicial bearings and opinions which has been founded on them. That a member of a state church should be overbearing and violent, is no phenomenon to shake a nation from its propriety, or to invite it to any marked course which it would not have taken without. But when this member of a state church succeeds in finding a man to answer him with a Roland for his Oliver, and the leaders of the law, or an effective portion of them, come forward to declare, that in all pulling of caps the state scold has an immunity,—that she is a privileged virago whom ducking-stools have no hold upon, and may insult her betters, either in the open air or under cover, without remedy,—the right of pigeon-cote which was one of the causes of the French Revolution, was nothing to it. The church, like the French aristocracy, is founded on anything but a rock. Many a bitter feeling has been crushed and wrought into its walls. It is at best but a tolerated injustice; the toleration resulting from an estimate of the difficulty of removal. The

strength of the church, and of the aristocracy, arose out of the way in which they were connected with the interests of many, though not of all; interests, perhaps, not always thoroughly or well understood, but still felt sufficiently to be effective. Some of these interests came by marriage and family connexions; a point on which the living hierarchy of England has vastly the advantage over that which has passed away. Some rose out of gratitude for past gains, and still more out of that kind of it which has been defined as a lively consciousness of benefits to come. A circumstance in favour of both church and aristocracy, was the opportunity which wealth and power give to all but the actively malevolent, of acquiring a reputation for polished and agreeable manners; in short, the strength of the church denominated of England, lay in its being thought a gentlemanly church, as the strength of an aristocracy everywhere lies, to a great extent, in its being supposed to possess some similar quality which other men admire and aspire to copy. But this was a fund to be discreetly drawn upon, and not to be managed by clergymen engaging in unhandsome feud with men as good as themselves and as well able to resist an injury. Still less was it to be improved by having it declared as 'judges quest law,' that a clergyman had right of impudence;—that to be saucy was his fee simple, in which nobody could control him;—and that to comment upon his public acts, 'or say whether they were good or bad,' was beyond the scope of the citizen. A new light broke out, even while the dictum was in progress. A bill brought into the Upper House by the Lord Chancellor opened the dark lantern on the fact, that these very acts of the state-paid clergyman which were declared to be his ox, his ass, his privacy, his snuggery within which none might interfere, were performances for non-attendance on which one part of the community were punishable by law, and the other part if they attended anywhere else. Why has not a Queen's Speech the same immunity; or rather, if the other be law, can there be any doubt that it has? There is as much reason in representing the one to be an act of sacred privacy, as the other. A general's order to his army, might it not be very convenient to maintain, that *as long as he did not put it into print*, it was safe from the comments of the public critic? The thing is absurd, by all the rules that regulate human judgment in parallel cases. If a man is to be paid, let him do the work he is paid for, whether the payment comes out of other people's pockets against their consent or not. But do not add the folly, with a view to increasing his magnificence, of maintaining that it shall be an actionable offence, to say whether his doings are good or bad, whether they keep within the pale for which the appropriation of other people's property is defended when it is

defended, or wander abroad into interminable feud and a right of squabble protected by the power of law. What would be the result if dissenting teachers everywhere, walked abroad in their doublet and hose, and threw off the outer garment of moderation and civil harmony? Yet this is what the sages of the law have encouraged every whipper-snapper on whom a bishop has laid unadvised hands, to provoke to the extent of his ability. Bring forth the giant, for whose personal gratification the church and the law have incurred all this unpopularity and danger. Ask, who is benefited by the execution of his ill-humours; or which of 'our peculiar institutions' as an American would call them, is rendered more stable by his sending an execution by surprise into the domicile of his opponent. Take care that holy church never finds herself under obligation for forbearance in a more important matter. Offences will come, and human disputes will be fought out in one way or another, according to the relative degrees of civilization of the ages and the combatants. But woe to them who make them come for the mere indulgence of ill-temper, and peril a plethoric hierarchy that a parish-priest may be lifted up in the eyes of the virgins who make coats and garments for the orthodox poor. Truly these people have a new reading of many an ancient story. Where would the good Samaritan have been, if he had prefaced his work with a discussion upon thirty-nine articles? And what stronger contrast in nature, than between Him who went about doing good, and the shepherd who sits down to make all the mischief in his power within the limits of a parish?

Brief Notices.

On the Scripture Doctrine of Future Punishment : an Argument. In two Parts. By H. H. Dobney. Second Edition. London : Ward and Co.

IN a second edition of his work on Future Punishment, Mr. Dobney has done us the honour, not only of acknowledging the candour of our notice of his work, but of replying, at great length, to our observations. We thank him for the terms in which he has referred to us, and most readily give him credit for sincerity in his avowal of non-conviction from our arguments. What he has now written, we have read, not only as befits us, with the gravity of judges, but, as we hope, and as befits us no less, with the impartiality of lovers of truth ; but our views remain unchanged. If our arguments have failed to convince him, his have equally failed to convince us. Our conviction, indeed, is, that his remarks constitute a rejoinder, but not an answer. We have no intention, however, of adverting to them in detail ; there is one point only on which we feel it necessary to say a few words.

Insisting, as it is quite necessary he should (p. 187), that the word life, in the scriptural phrase, *eternal life*, should be understood as conveying two ideas ; first, that of existence, and then that of happiness, he encounters an objection that this is understanding the word both literally and metaphorically at the same time, and is therefore inadmissible. To this he offers two replies. One of them is, that writers on the other side have done the same thing, which could be nothing but an *argumentum ad hominem*, even if examples of it could be cited from our own pages. The other is couched in the following terms : ‘ I reply by denying the soundness of the principle, *which almost seems made for the occasion.*’ The expression which we have marked in italics, is merely a slip of the author’s pen. It is, at all events, a deviation—and we are happy to say, a solitary deviation, so far as we have noticed, from the courtesy elsewhere studiously observed towards us.

Mr. Dobney denies the soundness of the principle that a word must not be understood both literally and metaphorically at the same time, and complains somewhat that we laid it down as ‘ though it was an indisputable axiom.’ We must confess that we thought it so, and that we still think it so. It is, to our mind, inherent in the very nature of a metaphor. For what is a metaphor ? Turning to the first authority at hand (the Oxford Encyclopædia), we find the following definition of it. ‘ Metaphor, in rhetoric, a trope or figure, whereby a word is transferred from its proper signification to another different from it, by reason of some similitude between them.’ This definition, in which we believe all authorities agree, is decisive to our purpose ; for if, in metaphorical use, a word is transferred from its proper signification, to another different from it, it is plainly inadmissible to understand it both literally and metaphorically at the same time. The metaphorical use involves, of necessity, the dropping of the literal meaning.

Examples are not less decisive to this point than definition. We call a blooming child a rose-bud, a courageous man a lion, and youth the morning of life. Here is a metaphorical use of the words rose-bud, lion, and morning,

but in every case the literal meaning is dropped, since no one means to say that a blooming child is really a rose-bud, or a courageous man really a lion, or youth really the morning. The result will be the same by whatever number or variety of examples the rule may be tested. And it is the same with scriptural metaphors as with others; as when we are told, for example, that God is our sun and shield, that our days are a hand-breadth, that our life is a vapour. To these illustrations we may add, that the reason of the rule is obvious, from the manner in which a metaphor is formed. It is founded, we are told, 'on some similitude' between two objects; and hence it is said to be an abridged simile, or a comparison reduced to a single word. The early part of life is, in some respects, like the early part of the day, and this resemblance may be either drawn out at length into a simile, as by saying youth is like the morning, or condensed into a metaphor, as in calling youth the morning of life. Now the likeness between two objects thus brought into comparison, being never entire, but only partial, it is plain that, in the metaphorical use of a term, we must get an idea so far different from the original one, that the same things cannot be predicated of both, and it would, consequently, be false to consider both of them as conveyed by it. We call a brave man a lion because in a certain respect he resembles a lion; and as we go on to speak of him in terms in no way appropriate to a real lion, it would be delusive and absurd to hold that we retain the original idea of the term, and mean by it a lion and a brave man too. The very notion, indeed, of retaining the original idea of a term used metaphorically involves a fallacy. A metaphor is nothing but an abridged comparison; only let it be spread out into a comparison, and it will be seen that there is, in truth, no original idea to be retained, as when we say, our life is like a vapour, there are simply two objects, the one compared with the other; and in a metaphor, properly understood, there is nothing more.

To apply these familiar distinctions (which we feel ashamed to have to bring out so elaborately on such an occasion) to the case before us. The word life, literally denoting existence, is sometimes employed in scripture to denote happiness, of which it is needless to cite examples, as it is an admitted point; it is also admitted by Mr. Dobney, that this is a metaphorical use of the term life: consequently we affirm, in accordance with the rule laid down, that, when the term life is used to denote happiness, it cannot be held to retain its original idea, or to mean existence and happiness too.

It is in vain for the author to cite the authority of Tholuck, or any other authority, even though it were our own, against this position. It is unquestionably an important principle of interpretation, from the violation of which much mischief has arisen, and nothing but mischief can arise. The disregard of it in his own case has given rise to much of the inconclusiveness discernible in his argument, and has supplied him with his chief facilities for avoiding the force of ours.

The History of British India, from 1805 to 1835. By Horace Hayman Wilson, M.A. F.R.S. Vol. II. London: Madden and Malcolm.

THE former volume of Professor Wilson's work was noticed at length in our journal for July last, and we have no inclination, after examining the volume now before us, to modify the high opinion we then expressed. As a continuation of Mill, it is without a rival, and by its own qualities is worthy the honourable relation in which it stands. There are few historical works of modern times with which a judicious man would less desire to have his productions brought into comparison, and it is, therefore, no mean praise to say that our author's *Continuation*, is worthy of the work to which it forms a supplement. As remarked in our former notice, 'His volume is a worthy successor to the labours of the immortal Mill. The mantle of that philosophical historian has fallen upon a congenial mind. His style is lucid and convincing, free from all meretricious ornament,—yet by no means deficient in power.' The present volume is occupied with the period which intervened between the renewal of the East India Company's charter in 1813, and the close of the administration of the Marquis of Hastings in 1823. The events which it records are of deep and permanent value, and the views advocated are, for the most part, of a large and healthful order. To some of the opinions advanced we are compelled to take exception, and we regret to name amongst these, a charge of schism and sectarian zeal, advanced on page 575, against those Christian missionaries, who sought to benefit their countrymen in India, by reclaiming them from the immorality and heathenism by which they were surrounded. If such labours be open to such a charge, may we be liable to it in a tenfold degree. We respectfully submit to Professor Wilson the propriety of modifying this paragraph in the event—by no means improbable—of a second edition of his work.

History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century. Vol. I. 12mo. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D. Translated by H. White, Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd.

WE are glad to find that Messrs. Oliver and Boyd have acted so promptly in accordance with the views expressed (page 667) in our notice of the *continuation* of M. D'Aubigné's work. The volume before us has come to hand since that article was in type, and the edition of which it forms part cannot fail to supersede all others. It is published under the immediate revision of the author, and contains several additions of which the admirers of his *History* would not willingly be deprived. Whatever, therefore, may be done by the purchasers of other editions of the first three volumes, it is quite clear, that no man of common sense will henceforth buy any other than the edition before us. It were sheer folly to do otherwise, the voluntary preference of an inferior article, when the superior one is

equally accessible. The volume is printed in a superior style, and the whole work, including the four volumes published, is announced at the low price of fourteen shillings. We heartily commend this edition to our readers, and advise each of them immediately to possess himself of it.

1. *The Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth.* By William Roscoe. Vol. II. London: David Bogue.
2. *The Literary History of the Middle Ages: comprehending an account of the state of Learning, from the close of the reign of Augustus, to its revival in the Fifteenth Century.* By the Rev. Joseph Bevington. London: David Bogue.

THE first of these volumes completes Mr. Bogue's edition of 'The Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth,' and reflects great credit on the enterprise and taste of the publisher. We regret the contemporaneous appearance of two editions of the same work, as involving in considerable uncertainty the profit of the enterprise, and shall be glad to find that there is a remunerative demand for each.

Mr. Bevington's *Literary History of the Middle Ages* is not so well known as it deserves. It was originally published in 1814, and, as Mr. Hazlitt justly remarks, 'has been on all hands admitted to be the best account extant, of the important subject to which it refers.' The author was a catholic priest, educated at St. Omer, who having officiated, for some years, in France, as a minister of the Catholic church, returned to England, in the latter part of the last century, and devoted himself to literature. His classical scholarship, like most of the men of his day, exceeded his acquaintance with our national literature, and gave, in consequence, a tinge of ancient times and of foreign associations to his views. It was, however, extensive and liberal, and the work, now happily reprinted in an elegant and cheap form, is therefore adapted to enlarge and improve the mind, by shedding on it the accumulated lights of many generations.

We hope *The European Library* will receive that support which will enable and encourage its projector to carry out his original design of forming 'a complete collection of standard works, in all branches of literature, English, and foreign.'

The Grievances of the Working Classes; and the Pauperism and Crime of Glasgow; with their Causes, Extent and Remedies. By J. Smith, M.A. Glasgow: Alexander Smith.

THIS is an admirable little volume, the wide circulation of which we shall be glad to promote. It is conceived in the best possible spirit, and is executed with skill and diligence. It beautifully illustrates that 'deference to humble life,' which the author notes as 'one of the chief excellencies of our modern literature,' and sets an example which the philanthropists of other towns will do well to imitate. Much time must have been devoted by Mr. Smith to his adopted

work, and we trust that he will have the highest and purest reward which a benevolent mind can receive, in the alleviation of human sorrows, and the increase of its virtue and happiness.

Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe. By J. C. L. Simonde De Sismondi. Translated from the original, with Notes, and a Life of the Author, by Thomas Roscoe. Second edition, including all the Notes from the last Paris edition. Two vols. London: Henry G. Bohn.

THESE volumes belong to '*Bohn's Standard Library*,' and form a perfect marvel in book-making. They contain upwards of twelve hundred pages, are printed in a handsome style, and are published at the incredibly low price of seven shillings. Of the work itself we need say little. It has a European reputation, and is worthy of its celebrity. Hitherto it has been inaccessible to the mass of our countrymen, but it is now within the reach of all who are likely to feel interested in the researches it prosecutes. It had its origin in a course of lectures, which the author delivered in Geneva, his native city, and which he afterwards revised, and published in Paris in 1813. Its influence was powerful throughout the literary circles of the Continent, where it greatly contributed to the study of national literature, and secured for its author a vast accession to his popularity. Italy occupies, of course, the larger portion of the work, and we strongly recommend its attentive perusal, especially to the better educated portions of our young men. Such works are admirably suited to enlarge the mind, to purify the taste, and to give to the literary aspirations of the young a fresh and healthful tone.

The Modern Orator, being a collection of celebrated Speeches of the most distinguished Orators of the united Kingdom. Edmund Burke. Parts, I.—III. London: Aylott and Jones.

The Modern Orator, we are glad to report, proceeds satisfactorily. Sheridan, Chatham, and Erskine, have already been popularised through its medium, and Edmund Burke, one of the most profound and splendid of those geniuses which adorned our parliamentary history at the close of the last century, is now introduced. The speeches are introduced by a brief sketch of Mr. Burke's political career, and are illustrated by notes explanatory of the circumstances under which they were delivered, and of the allusions they supply. We retain the opinion already expressed, that *The Modern Orator*, is one of the best and most useful publications of the day, and repeat our strong recommendation of it to all classes of intelligent Englishmen.

The Morals of Popular Elections. By Ebenezer Morley. 24mo. Jackson and Walford. 1846.

A SEASONABLE pamphlet at all times, and one which we should be glad to see distributed, as a cheap tract, among all classes of our people, in the prospect of a general election.

The Sabbath-Day Book ; or Scriptural Meditations for Every Lord's Day in the Year. By J. Leifchild, D. D. London : Religious Tract Society.

THIS volume has been prepared with a special design for 'the benefit of those whose circumstances compel them to spend the whole, or a portion of the Lord's-day in their own abode.' The subjects furnish great variety, and are of a devotional, experimental, and practical character. An air of catholicity,—a perfect freedom from sectarian peculiarities, pervades the volume, which is distinguished throughout by a forcible style, sound divinity, experimental piety, and most cogent and faithful appeals. On a Sabbath afternoon, it will be estimated by many as invaluable.

British Female Biography, being Select Memoirs of Pious Ladies, in Various Ranks of Public and Private Life ; including Queens, Princesses, Martyrs, Scholars, Instructors, Poetesses, Philanthropists, and Ministers' Wives. By the Rev. Thomas Timpson. London : Aylott and Jones.

MR. TIMPSON has done good service to the young, by rendering so large a portion of *British Female Biography* accessible to them. His work is the result of industrious perseverance. It contains fifty abbreviated memoirs, within the small compass of less than four hundred pages, and well deserves to be extensively circulated.

A Minister's Meditations : Principally designed as a Help for the tried followers of the Lamb. By William Burd. London Houlston and Stoneman.

A POCKET volume of about one hundred pages, containing homely and devout observations on Spiritual Topics, addressed by an afflicted and faithful minister, to various classes of characters in his congregation. He divides his hearers into the unconverted, the babe, the young man, and the old disciple in Christ ; and the addresses to each class, are appropriate, faithful, and adapted for usefulness.

The Pastor's Office, and People's Duty : A discourse delivered in the Independent Chapel, Atherstone, on occasion of the death of the Rev. R. M. Miller, &c. By John Sibree. London : Ward, 1845.

A FUNERAL Sermon, from Heb. xiii. 7, 8, with a Biographical sketch of the laborious and faithful minister of Christ, at whose death it was preached ; and an estimate of his character as a man, Christian, minister, preacher, non-conformist, and author. To it is appended a brief history of the rise and progress of the Independent Dissenters at Atherstone. The whole forms a pleasing memorial, which cannot fail to be valuable to those interested in the locality and circumstances to which it relates.

A Family History of Christ's Universal Church. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, D. D. Virtue, London.

WE rejoice that persons of all classes, are increasingly anxious to become acquainted with the events in the history of the Church of Christ, which followed the age of the Apostles. Many of the most momentous controversies of the day can be decided by this knowledge. In Mr. Stebbing's History copious illustrations are given from the writings of the early defenders of the Gospel, the general progress of the Church is traced, and the labours and struggles of those holy men are described, whose characters are considered by him as affording the best demonstration of the power of the Christian faith. There is too high an estimate in some instances entertained of the value of many of those heterogeneous materials, which the muddy stream of ecclesiastical history has brought down to us, and too ready a credit given to the reported signs and wonders of the martyr age. Nor do we concur with Mr. Stebbing in our view of many events, to which he refers with satisfaction, or believe that the splendour and pomp which followed the professed conversion of Constantine, occasioned a deeper sense of spiritual life!

Surely it was becoming that the historian for Christian families, should leave on record his protest against that act, by which an unconverted monarch, according to Mr. Stebbing's opinion, became high priest and sovereign ruler in the spiritual church of God. We regret that no such protest is recorded. With much that is valuable and excellent, alike in the spirit of Catholic charity and in adherence to principles known as Protestant, the author's volume presents in the judgments and sentiments which it publishes, numerous proofs of having been prepared by a member of our national religious establishment.

Five parts constitute this first volume, which carries on the narrative to the age of Constantine, and may be considered complete in itself. Mr. Stebbing proposes, at his leisure, to complete the history to the period of the Reformation. We shall be glad to observe his future progress, and congratulate him on having presented to a large class of readers an instructive and useful book.

Immanuel. Lectures with notes, on the Divinity of the Son of God, and on Socinianism. By Robert Grace. London: Dyer.

MR. GRACE is the successor in the pastoral office at Battle, Sussex, of Mr. Vidler, to whom Andrew Fuller wrote his letters on Universalism. The sentiments so powerfully attacked by Mr. Fuller, have not become extinct in that locality, and during the last summer our author delivered to his people a course of lectures, on the subject announced in his title-page. His book consists of a compilation of the spiritual arguments for the Deity of Christ, and while the

aim and desire of the writer are to be commended, it cannot be pronounced otherwise than creditable to his industry and judgment. We submit to him, that in a second edition, it might be improved by the division of sentences, many clauses of which are strung together by the use of copulative conjunctions; by condensing rather than by expanding, and in some instances, overcrowding his argument; and by the omission of the various topics which are introduced into his notes. These serve in several instances to divert the attention, and bewilder the mind of the reader, rather than to elucidate the subject. In places where opinions unhappily prevail which are derogatory to the honour of the Redeemer, Mr. Grace's compendium cannot fail to be highly serviceable.

Abstract Principles of Revealed Religion. By Henry Drummond, Esq. London: Murray, 1845.

THE substance of this octavo volume, is contained in its preface of six pages. That preface tells us, there is but one church; as circumcision defined the Jews, so does baptism define the Christians. This church has an organisation as fixed and definite as a human body, consisting of the bishop and his assistant ministers, and the apostles and prophets over the dioceses, that without priesthood there can be no sacraments, and without sacraments no spiritual life; that all the parts of worship, forms of buildings, rites, furniture, vestments, hours of celebration are definite, and the act which constitutes Christian worship, is literally eating and drinking in the Lord's supper, the body and blood of Christ. These in the main are the abstract principles of Mr. Drummond's religion, and any of our readers who desire further explanation of them, are referred to his three hundred and fifty pages.

On National Education; with Remarks on Education in General By Colonel J. K. Jackson. pp. 44 Second Edition. Bailliere, Regent-street, 1845.

A PAMPHLET on a very important subject, which it treats in a superior style. The author is a man of cleverness—but we cannot approve all his positions—and utterly reject his doctrine of '*compulsory universal education*.' We maintain that it is condemned, while he asserts that it is demanded, by 'every principle of sound policy, every dictum of common sense, every sentiment of patriotism, every feeling of affection towards our children, and of humanity to the whole human race.'

The Character and Influence of Satan. By James Hall Wilson, Birmingham. pp. 84. Aylott and Jones. 1845.

WE quite agree with Mr. Wilson that the doctrine of Satanic influence appears to be overlooked by the great bulk of professing Christians, and that it is more than time that they took up the subject. If the doctrine be true, it must be worthy of the profoundest investigation, and have practical bearings of immense importance. Any wise effort to vindicate and apply it, deserves well of the church of God. Our Author has brought together a considerable number of sensible observations to illustrate the developement of Satan's character and influence in the cases of temptation recorded in the scriptures; and the designations which they apply to him. Mr. Wilson is not one of those who explain away the doctrine he undertakes to discuss: on the contrary, he sometimes carries his principles further than we should feel disposed to do. Yet if wrong here, his error is in the right direction, and we gladly welcome his intelligent, though brief, remarks on a great truth, as well calculated to check, in some measure, what we cannot but regard as a dangerous tendency of the times.

Theological Study; and the Spirit in which it ought to be pursued. The Lecture delivered at the opening of the United Secession Hall, Session 1845. By John Eadie, L.L.D., Professor of Biblical Literature to the United Secession Church. pp. 31. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Sons. 1845.

THIS is an excellent address. Its sentiments and tone are of the right kind. After some general remarks on the exposition of Scripture as the 'great business' of the Christian Minister, Dr. Eadie proceeds to impress upon his students 'the necessity of pursuing theological study in a religious spirit, a spirit of prayerful dependence on the enlightening and sustaining influence of the Holy Ghost,' which he does in a manner eminently adapted to secure his object. We have a strong conviction of the need which exists for such a treatment of the subject, and should esteem it a sign of most blessed promise to the churches of Christ, if all who have the preparation of holy men for the work of the ministry possessed as high an estimate of the spiritual principle as Dr. Eadie, and were as able and anxious to promote it in those committed to their care. Amid the increased zeal for intellectual culture, it is of the first importance that the heart should be kept right with God. Nothing can compensate for the want of eminent godliness in those who have to save souls; learning and accomplishments, without it, will only be like the earthly furniture of a temple from which the glory has departed.

The Love of Liberty; a Text-Book for all classes of Reformers. pp. 40. Effingham Wilson. 1844.

A SELECTION of wise and pungent maxims, 'from the best authors, ancient and modern, in behalf of the great principles of civil and religious liberty.'

A Narrative of a Visit to the Mauritius and South Africa. By James Backhouse. Illustrated by two Maps, sixteen Etchings, and twenty-eight Wood cuts. pp. 648. London: C. Gilpin.

THE author of this large and well-filled volume, needs no introduction to our readers. We had occasion to speak favourably of the records of his visit to Tasmania and Australia. He has been since removed from this world, having been suddenly summoned away while preparing to engage in a fresh work of love and faith. None, acquainted with his character and labours, can hesitate as to his present state.

The object of the visit to the Mauritius and to South Africa, was, like that of the preceding one, 'purely the discharge of a religious duty,' although, in passing along, attention was alive to a variety of secondary objects, which appeared worthy of notice.' All the towns within the colonies, and all the missionary stations of South Africa were visited.

We can assure our readers that Mr. Backhouse's journal has provided a rich variety of entertainment and instruction. In reading his books, there is no ground for distrust or doubt. The mind may repose implicit confidence in his representations. It is not every one that is competent even to state facts and describe scenes; it is not every one that will take the trouble to ascertain the truth respecting them. Mr. Backhouse was a careful observer, and a faithful recorder. He had a good judgment, and a scrupulous conscience. His description of persons and things we have reason to know to be wonderfully accurate. He is one of the few travellers who do not extenuate or exaggerate.

We most cordially sympathise with the sentiments expressed in the concluding sentence of the Introduction—'the writer trusts, that the perusal of this volume will increase the feeling of Christian interest for all classes of the inhabitants of the countries described; and he especially hopes, that it may promote the feeling of sympathy for the devoted individuals who are labouring amidst many privations, to spread the Redeemer's kingdom.' This hope can scarcely fail of fulfilment to the extent to which the volume is read and pondered.

The Zoology of the British Poets, corrected by the Writings of Modern Naturalists. By Robert Hasill Newell, B.D. pp. 160. Longman, and Co. 1845.

WE do not care so much for the mistakes of poets as Mr. Newell appears to do. They are allowed large licence; it is enough for them that popular opinion sustains their figures and allusions. The fable of the Phœnix is constantly employed for the purpose of illustration. At the same time, Mr. Newell has made a very interesting book. A good deal of pleasant instruction on some well-known Insects, Birds, Reptiles, and Mammalia, is connected with many beautiful extracts from eminent poets.

Letters on the Unhealthy Condition of the Lower Class of Dwellings, especially in Large Towns. By the Rev. Charles Girdlestone, A.M., Rector of Alderley, Cheshire. pp. 92. Longman. 1845.

THESE letters contain the pith of several official documents bearing on the subject discussed. They furnish many distressing facts which ought to be universally known, and many practical suggestions that might, and should, be vigorously adopted.

History of the Reformation in Switzerland. By Abraham Ruchat, Minister of the Gospel, and Professor of Belles Lettres, in the Academy of Lausanne. Abridged from the French by the Rev. J. Collinson, M.A., Rector of Boldon, and Hon. Canon of Durham Cathedral. pp. 328. W. E. Painter. 1845.

RUCHAT needs no introduction to those conversant with the history of the Reformation. His work is marked by learning and fidelity, and has maintained its position for upwards of a hundred years.

Mr. Collinson has abridged it, and added the Essay on the Life and Writings of Ruchat annexed to his works in the edition published at Nyon, Switzerland, in 1838.

A Manual, for the Religious and Moral Instruction of Young Children in the Nursery and Infant School. By Samuel Wilderspin, and T. J. Farrington. pp. 112. Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1845.

THIS manual consists of 'Remarks on the Religious Instruction of Children,' thirty-five 'Hymns,' forty 'Moral Songs,' eleven 'Practical Religious Lessons,' and forty 'Tunes.' It is unnecessary to say that the sentiments are evangelical, and the tendency of all is highly moral. We doubt, however, whether the style of the prose is well adapted to convey instruction to very young minds, and also whether it is wise to accustom them to the doggerel rhymes that frequently occur in the hymns and songs. The best poetry may be as simple as the worst, and children are quite as able to understand it.

The Words of a Believer. By the Abbé De La Mennais. Translated from the French by Edward Smith Pryce, A.B. pp. 119. Aylott and Jones, 1845.

THIS work has had a very large sale on the continent, and has been once published in England. The sentiments are generally sound, sometimes rather strong, and the mode of expression and illustration occasionally most apt and happy. But the highly figurative character of a considerable portion of its matter will, we imagine, prevent its being as popular as it would otherwise be.

The Scriptural Argument against Apostolical Succession. In Four Lectures. By Thomas Stratten. pp. 244. Snow, 1845.

THIS is not the first time that Mr. Stratten has engaged in ecclesiastical controversy. The works he published some years ago on Tithes, and the Priesthood, proved his possession of a calm and sagacious mind, and excited expectations of no common order in reference to the volume before us. Those expectations have been fully realized. Mr. Stratten has succeeded in doing a difficult thing; he has invested an old subject with fresh interest. Regarding ourselves as pretty well acquainted with the theme he handles, we have been struck with the novelty with which he treats some portions of it. The first lecture is, in our judgment, perfectly conclusive against the claim of a regular succession. We have never seen, within the same compass, a more thorough demonstration of its rottenness. It is decidedly the best in the book. The second lecture points out in a clear and comprehensive manner the fabulousness of Peter's supremacy, displaying the contrast between his case and that of Aaron. The third lecture reduces the permanent orders of the Christian Ministry to their scriptural standard—their dual number. The fourth lecture expounds the doctrine of 'laying on of hands,' traces its scriptural history, and advocates a more frequent use of the rite on various occasions. We do not remember to have seen this subject so plainly and fully laid open before, and while we would not be understood as approving of all Mr. Stratten's recommendations, we think that Christian churches would do well to consider his remarks.

The chief fault we find with Mr. Stratten relates to the diffusiveness, which occasionally marks his style. He does not always know when to say 'this thought is done,' and weakens the impression by seeking to strengthen it. There are several descriptions in his volume which, however good in themselves, are not so good in a treatise of this kind. They interrupt the argument, and stand in the way of the author's ultimate design. But the book is a good one, and we sincerely and warmly recommend its perusal to our readers.

The Romish and Prelatical Rite of Confirmation Examined. By Thomas Smyth, D.D. With an Appendix, on the Duty of Requiring a Public Profession of Religion. pp. 198. Edinburgh: W. P. Kennedy. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1845.

AN able and a learned refutation of the pretensions of churchmen on the subject discussed.

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